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Edmond Hamilton: An Interview

Conducted by Paul Walker

The first score or so of stories I wrote were, indeed, all about the destruction of the Earth, usually aborted at the last moment. I believe that this came about from a profound dissatisfaction with the world. I was in college when I was too young for it, I was not well adjusted . . . after a magnificent boyhood, I had a faintly unhappy adolescence. I believe I was working that off fictionally in a desire to see everything go smash. I may add I am profoundly distrustful of cheap and easy psychological explanations, but I believe this one is true.

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It's very difficult to look back 50 years and more and be truthful about my early days at my small academic college and why I became alienated from academic life. One's mind paints up a plausible scheme of things that maybe didn't really happen like that at all.

I was, first, alienated because of the difference in ages between myself and other students. I was, actually, 14 years old when I matriculated . . . but became 15 on October 21, 1919. I am glad to say that I made friends, I was invited to join one of the social clubs that took the place of fraternities in our college. But all the same, there was a difference there.

I think that difference in ages was one of the main reasons why I didn't do well in college. But also I have a dislike for the academic life. With joy I exchanged the atmosphere of books, papers, politeness, for the work I took to on the railroad . . . the gusty, profane and likeable men I worked with, I preferred infinitely to professors.

But I am sure that my fascination with science fiction, with the world of the imagination, did not alienate me from college. I had that fascination before I ever entered college, I maintained it, but it was something apart from classes and learning. I feel I'm vague here, but as I say, I'm sure that my lifelong obsession with imaginative scenes and possibilities did not turn me off formal education. In fact, many an idea I used later in stories, I got from my physics classes at school then.

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My interest in science led me to major in physics when I entered college, and came from the fact that I was at that time a fanatic amateur in wireless telegraphy (we didn't use the word 'radio' in those days). So I decided I would like to be an electrical engineer.

But I was at that time far more profoundly interested in literature than in science. The rather hard cruel logic of physical science was no doubt good for my wandering mind, though.

... about A. Merritt and his influence on me. It was very profound. I did not particularly try to imitate Merritt, though I did a few times. The writer I most imitated was Homer Eon Flint, who wrote such world-moving epics as "The Planeteer," etc. for Munsey magazines. Anyone who looks into those stories can clearly see my debt to Flint, which I have always acknowledged.

But Merritt was the writer who inspired me, if I can use so grandiose a term. He is thought of as a fantasy writer but actually was, except for a few fantasy stories, a straight sf writer and a hell of a good one. In 1919-1920 he was using Eddington's exposition of the Einstein theory in a story! He was my idol ... and when I met him in later years, I was delighted to find that the idol did not have feet of clay but was a very wonderful man. I think his stories are as great as ever, and I note that they stay in print forever.

Merritt wrote me good advice in his letters. He questioned the necessity for going to other planets when something could just as easily take place in a remote corner of Earth. He advised me not to read too much science fiction, but to read science and let my imagination play around what I read.

I don't know what Merritt's exact age was when I first met him in June of 1937 ... but he was exactly like your favorite uncle. He was warmly outgoing with a dry sense of humor. He had for several years corresponded with myself and with Jack Williamson, and had invited us to come and see him when we were in New York. We did so, going with considerable awe and trembling to the offices of the *American Weekly*, of which Merritt was editor. His greeting could not have been more friendly, and the three of us sat in a little office where he chewed tobacco, spat through the open window, and talked of fantasy, fantasy writers, and on and on for a couple of hours. What did I like about him?

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Everything . . . a wide statement. But especially the real friendliness he felt for us and for everyone engaged in fantasy.

If you want to know more about Merritt, there is a book which gives loads of information about him. The book is *Nothing's Sacred on Sunday* by Emile C. Schurmacher (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1951). Schurmacher was a reporter on the *American Weekly*, and wrote his book about being such a reporter. He idolized Merritt as an editor . . . about Merritt's fantasy and his towering reputation as a fantasy writer, Schurmacher knew little and only devoted a couple of pages to that. But Merritt as an editor and as a man was his subject. The darned book is scarce now, but your public library may have a copy.

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I've been trying to remember about what literature I was reading when I first started to write, and as nearly as I can recall, my reading would be described as omnivorous. You must note that in many cases I was reading things far over my head, I had interest but not complete comprehension.

That would be in the mid to late Twenties. I remember working my way through all the main Elizabethan dramatists at that time. All *except* Shakespeare. Some sour recollection of compulsory Shakespeare in school gave me a bias against him. Then, in the summer of 1930, I decided to read some things I had so far avoided . . . I read Shakespeare from first to last, in the chronological order of the plays. I well remember that it was in reading *Coriolanus* that I got the first impact of his greatness. I also that summer read Malory's *Mort d'Artur* and Casanova's *Memoirs* in the original French, thus teaching myself to read French, so that I can still read it fluently. But if the above list, along with which I include Sir Thomas Browne and Robert Burton, seems too high-toned to be probable, be assured that in the same period I read every kind of thriller.

About what scientific books most influenced me in the old days, and what story-ideas I got from them: I've been trying to think of some. Jeans' *The Universe Around Us* and Eddington's *Nature of the Physical World* were general seminal influences in the field of astronomy. But I got more story ideas from *The Science of Life* by H.G. Wells and Julian Huxley, a large popularization of biological science.

I had not studied biology in school, concentrating on the physical sciences. Therefore this fine book was a revelation to me and a great stimulus. Particularly the section on genetics . . . I got ideas from that for "The Man Who Evolved," "Devolution" and "The Accursed Galaxy." I mention those three because I just recently heard from Isaac Asimov that he wants to use those tales in his *Before the Golden Age* sf anthology. Also "The Master of the Genes," a 1934 story, came from that work.

From *World Machine* by Carl Snyder, a 1910 (approx) history of astronomical science, a brilliant work in its time, came the idea for "The Ephemeræ." From *The Martyrdom of Man* by Winwood Reade, a masterful free-thinking Victorian's history of civilization, came a suggestion that I've used in many stories . . . the suggestion that someday in the future, when man had expanded his race to many worlds, the Earth would be a holy planet visited by pilgrims from all over the universe. What an idea for a Victorian writer! I used that idea in "Forgotten World," and several other stories.

The above should give you an idea of how I used thoughts from scientific books, for stories.

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About my interest in science, and the attitude of us early sf writers toward science, I believe you have cleared up for me a puzzling thing about many presentday sf writers . . . their lack of interest in science. This explains the mystery (to me) of why so many of them have not the slightest interest in the space program and its great achievements. To me, sf without the scientific element amounts to very little. I believe that young writers do regard stories not as something whose subject matter interests them passionately, i.e. scientific possibilities, but as exercises in English lit. I don't think without true passion about whatever you write, no matter how crude it may be, you can ever be as happy writing. That is just my opinion.

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How did I work? I just sat down and wrote like crazy . . . I took no notes, or outlines.

I started by doing a rewrite of each story, then for quite a few years I wrote everything out first draft and the hell with rewriting. Of course, the fact I wasn't getting paid much for those stories had something to do with that. As time went on, I became more careful.

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About planning my early stories, or not planning them . . . I must have given you the wrong impression if you thought I did not plan out those early yarns. In fact, for many years I planned each story rigorously and the longer ones in a chapter-by-chapter synopsis. I ceased to do this in later years. I suppose by then I had confidence enough that I would not go badly astray, but could develop the plot naturally as I went along. It's been a long time since I outlined a story in advance. I just start, and let the subconscious develop the thing. One thing, though . . . I always had a weakness for wanting to know what the very last line of the story would be. I suppose that is because it is the place where you leave the reader, and therefore I feel it is the final impression you want the story to give.

About markets today, and how has the sf market changed, and do I think that the whole pulp era was a waste of time? No, I don't think so . . . of course, the question is a purely speculative one, and until we can return to an alternative time-track and do things over differently, it doesn't have much real meaning. However, I think that there has been too much crying about sf being forced into a ghetto, and away from the mainstream. I think this is a lot of b.s. The reason why us pulp writers of sf didn't appear in the mainstream was simply that we weren't good enough writers for the mainstream. Those of us who were good enough . . . Bob Heinlein, Ray Bradbury, and a few others, were welcomed by mainstream markets. I believe that in the pulp era most of us producing sf were not so much writing stories as making myths, on a great scale. I think that was very much worth while but it is a different thing from writing professional stories of the mainstream.

By 'making myths' . . . that is simply a way I refer to many of our early sf stories when we did not or could not construct a real story but wrote somewhat inchoate fictions about vast and striking events, worlds destroyed, worlds saved, monstrous incursions, etc. In my own case, many of these almost completely lacked what you might call a human story.

How do I feel about the rapid, high-production way we oldtime pulp writers employed in our work? I can't speak for others, but for me it was the best way in the world to work. I might have been a more polished writer had I worked in more leisurely fashion, but I might too have been the centipede who didn't know which leg to lift first.

The market has so changed, is so much more demanding, that this high-production method probably wouldn't work at all these days. It was hard on the back, hellishly hard on the eyes and nervous system, but there was something intoxicating about batting a story right out, and to the devil with revisions.

One of the most ghastly stories I ever wrote was "Outside the Universe," a wild tale of three galaxies at war. I wrote that in 1928, over 50,000 words of it first draft. I used a very small portable typewriter on a big, flat-top inherited desk. In writing those hectic space-battles, my hard pounding made the little typewriter creep all over the desk, and I would stand up and follow it in my burning enthusiasm. No wonder I changed to an IBM typewriter . . . I always did pound too hard. Terrible stuff, I say now of that story . . . yet A. Merritt loved it, so testified in print in *Weird Tales*, and tried to get his publishers, Horace Liveright, to print it in book form. Just a few days ago I got from Editions Opta, in France, payment for the new French translation of that old yarn . . . payment over 3 times what I got originally from *Weird Tales* magazine!

I stopped writing so fast, long ago. I did make an exception for the Captain Future series. They didn't at first pay much for those. So I did them first draft, a chapter a day, allowing 2 days for the first chapter, which is more difficult. Later, when they upped the price they paid, I did two drafts and the writing of the stories improved.

There is no use, however, in giving advice to someone to write at high speed, because as I say, the market has so changed that you can't sell that high-speed stuff any more.

I should explain, referring to my statement on the Captain Future series, that I did not make a practice of hurrying the writing of stories that would not pay well. I've always believed that a writer should do every story the very best he can, no matter if it'll be paid

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New Books

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JUVENILES

- Anno, Mitsumasa. ANNO'S ALPHABET: An Adventure in Imagination. Crowell. \$6.95. Age 4-8
- Beeks, Graydon. HOSEA GLOBE AND THE FANTASTICAL PEG-LEGGED CHU (marg) Atheneum, March. \$6.95. Age 8-12
- Boston, L.M. THE GUARDIANS OF THE HOUSE (fty) Atheneum, March. \$4.95. Age 8-12
- Brelis, Nancy. THE MOTHER MARKET (fty, repr Brit, orig: The mummy market) Harper Trophy J62, April. \$1.50
- Calhoun, Mary. OWNSELF (marg supernat) Harper, April. \$5.95. Age 9-12
- Carruth, Jane. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY (repr Brit) Collins+World. \$2.50
- Coatsworth, Elizabeth. THE WERE-FOX (fty, repr of Pure Magic) Collier. \$1.25
- Cooper, Susan. THE GREY KING (supernat) Atheneum, Fall. \$6.95. Age 9-14
- Curry, Jane Louise. PARSLEY SAGE, ROSEMARY & TIME. Atheneum, March. \$5.95. Age 8-12
- Engdahl, Sylvia & Rick Roberson, eds. UNIVERSE AHEAD: Stories of the Future. Atheneum, Fall. \$8.95
- Furman, A.L., ed. HAUNTED STORIES (rev ed, orig: Teen-age haunted stories) Lantern Press (Pocket Books) 75841, Feb. 75¢
- SPACE ADVENTURES (repr, orig: Teen-age space adventures) Lantern Press (Pocket Books) 75843, Jan. 75¢
- Garden, Nancy. WITCHES (nf) Lippincott, Sept. \$5.95, \$2.95paper
- Gordon, John. THE GIANT UNDER THE SNOW (marg supernat, repr) Harper Trophy J64, April. \$1.50. Age 10 up
- Greaves, Margaret. THE DAGGER AND THE BIRD (fty, repr Brit) Harper, April. \$5.95. Age 9 up
- Kennedy, X.J. ONE WINTER NIGHT IN AUGUST, And Other Nonsense Jingles. Atheneum. \$5.95
- Key, Alexander. ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN (fty, 2 ptg) Archway 29710, March. 95¢
- THE MAGIC MEADOW (fty) Westminster, March. \$5.50
- Kimmel, Margaret Mary. MAGIC IN THE MIST (fty) Atheneum. \$4.95
- Lawrence, Louise. THE WYNDCLIFFE (supernat, repr Brit) Harper, April. \$5.95
- Liebman, Arthur, ed. TALES OF HORROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL: The Occult in Literature. Richards Rosen Press. \$6.96
- Norton, Andre. NO NIGHT WITHOUT STARS. Atheneum, Fall. \$6.95
- O'Brien, Robert C. Z FOR ZACHARIAH. Atheneum, Feb. \$6.95

- Sefton, Catherine. THE HAUNTING OF ELLEN (supernat, repr Brit, orig: The back house ghosts) Harper, April. \$5.95. Age 10 up
- Skurzynski, Gloria. THE POLTERGEIST OF JASON MOREY (marg) Dodd Mead. \$4.95. Age 12 up
- Snyder, Zippha Keatley. BELOW THE ROOT (fty) Atheneum, March. \$7.50
- Windsor, Patricia. HOME IS WHERE YOUR FEET ARE STANDING (marg fty) Harper, April. \$5.95. Age 10 up

BRITISH BOOKS

October-December 1974

- Hayles, Brian. DR WHO AND THE CURSE OF THE PELADON. Target/Tandem, 30p. pb, juv. 426.10452.8
- Heinlein, Robert A. THE BEST OF ROBERT HEINLEIN. Sphere, 40p. ni, pb. 7221.4462.8
- DOUBLE STAR. Panther, 40p. ni, pb. 586.02502.2
- GLORY ROAD. NEL, 50p. ni, pb. 450.02161.0
- I WILL FEAR NO EVIL. NEL, £3.50. 450.02215.3
- THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON. NEL, 40p. ni, pb. 450.02160.2
- Helms, R. TOLKIEN'S WORLD. Thames & Hudson, £2.95. nf. 500.01114.1
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- Hoyle, Fred & Geoffrey. FIFTH PLANET. Penguin, 40p. ni, pb. 14.002244.9
- Hoyle, Fred & John Elliot. A FOR ANDROMEDA. Souvenir Press, £2.50. ni. 285.50165.8
- Hulke, Malcolm. DR WHO AND THE SEA

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- Knight, Damon, ed. GOLDEN ROAD. Gollancz, £2.90. 575.01900.X
- Kocher, Paul. MASTER OF MIDDLE EARTH: The Achievement of J.R.R. Tolkien. Penguin, 40p. ne, pb, nf. 14.003877.9
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- L'Engle, Madeline. A WRINKLE IN TIME. Puffin, 35p. ni, pb, juv. 14.030288.3
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Lilliputia

ONCE I WAS A SQUARE by Adele Aldridge. Magic Circle Press, distr. by J.P. O'Hara, 1974. 63 pp. \$3.95paper

This is a children's book with a feminist slant, not at all unpleasant on the whole, and graphically very innovative and attractive. The story is about the conflicts between circles and squares; not a clear-cut parable about men and women, mind you, but a fable of differences and group conflicts and eventual fracturings. There is no happy ending, simply a question, asked by a square: "What does a circle *want*, anyway?"

What I objected to was the complete ignorance of the problems of triangles, pentagons, and other polygons of importance. Nor was any attention paid to irregulars, or those elusive misfits known as tesseracts. . . . But then, fable might become fabulous, and the adult might no longer follow where the child happily trips.

—Greg Bear

FUTURE KIN edited by Roger Elwood. Doubleday, 1974. 180 pp. \$4.95

Stories written for teenagers, as these were, tend to be rather self-conscious, preachy, and unrealistic, ignoring totally the fact that adolescents, like the adults they almost are, have lots of different interests, enjoy a good story, and do not like to be preached at. These are no exception.

—Charlotte Moslander

STOWAWAY TO THE MOON by William R. Shelton. Doubleday, 1973. 343 pp. \$5.95. Age level: 15 up

This is such a fine book it would seem that everyone would already have heard about it and anything I could say would be mere echo. However, some of you might have missed it, so here goes.

Eleven year old Eli Jordan Mackernutt, Jr. (E.J. to his friends) is a true son of the space age. He lives and breathes the moon flights, knows as much about all aspects of the mission as many of those actually on the inside. As a science project he is building a 1/3 scale model of the Camelot, a craft due to lift off soon. Slowmoving at first, with its long descriptions of the swamp bordering Cape Canaveral and later its mass of technical detail, the story reaches escape velocity once the Camelot takes off with E.J. a secret passenger aboard. The tension of his wait for the point when the flight can no longer be cancelled, his indecision to make himself known—how does one announce that one is a stowaway aboard a spacecraft?—the sadness when mission control scrubs the moon landing and the later elation when the landing is reinstated make the first half of the book an exciting adventure.

Then the trouble starts: the Camelot's pilot becomes almost fatally ill while the lunar module misses its landing point and seems lost . . . E.J.'s knowledge and coolheadedness save the lives of all the crew while a mysterious explosion from the moon damages the ship in a freak accident and threatens E.J.'s life during the return flight.

As a modern version of *Huckleberry Finn*, *Stowaway* does not neglect society at large. We see E.J.'s father change his previously cold attitude toward his son's interest in space, when fame and fortune descend on the family; opponents of the space program in the government and press use E.J.'s adventure to try to kill the program while his friends valiantly defend both his actions and the program itself.

E.J. is surrounded by a bevy of strongly drawn friends, some his own age and some of the adult realm; one whose friendship means as much to E.J. as his desire to go to the moon and who disappoints the boy in a way he could not anticipate. There is a subtle underlying theme of fate or whatever you believe in directing man outward, toward space. The boy's adventure is mankind's; he is the future of humanity in space.

Combining hard science and technology with metaphysical questions, *Stowaway to the Moon* is the premier tale for the children of the space age. Poetic when poetry is called for, comical when relief is needed, a detailed landscape whatever the background—swamp water or sterile surface of the moon—the novel is balanced among all its parts.

—Gail C. Futoran

A CHILL IN THE LANE by Mabel Esther Allan. Thomas Nelson, 1974. 157 pp. \$5.50. Age level: 11 up

THE MINE OF LOST DAYS by Marc Brandel. Illus. by John Verling. Lippincott, 1974. 185 pp. \$6.50. Age level: 10 up

PARSLEY SAGE, ROSEMARY AND TIME by Jane Louise Curry. Illus. by Charles Robinson. Atheneum, 1975. 108 pp. \$5.95. Age level: 8-12

THE WYNDCLIFFE by Louise Lawrence. Harper & Row, 1975, c1974. 183 pp. \$5.95

THE HAUNTING OF ELLEN by Catherine Sefton. (orig. title: *The back house ghosts*) Harper & Row, 1975, c1974. 146 pp. \$5.95. Age level: 10 up

MIRROR OF DANGER by Pamela Sykes. (orig title: *Come back, Lucy*) Thomas Nelson, 1974, c1973. 175 pp. \$4.95. Age level: 10-14

Very young, solitary, imaginative children often have an imaginary playmate who helps ease their way through that developmental phase during which they learn to relate to, join in the games of, and share toys with, their peers. When these rudimentary social skills are learned, the imaginary playmate disappears. (I remember that mine fell off a "cliff"—an eight-foot-high retaining wall in my Uncle Walter's back yard—and was never seen again.)

There are other, older children who would also benefit from an imaginary playmate or two: those who are in that age dreadfully called "prepubescent"; and those who do not quite fit into the adolescent "average." As the children themselves have usually been brainwashed into an adult standard of being realistic and not going around talking to oneself, however, they do not usually conjure up such surrogate friends on their own. Fortunately, kind-hearted adults, in the form of various authors of juvenile and teenage novels, have provided this sort of experience on a vicarious level by writing books about older children and/or young-to-middle teens who are haunted, or possessed, by the spirit of some long-dead relative or resident of the house or neighborhood. Lest the impressionable young reader be lost forever, each of these novels ends with the spirit being laid to rest and the protagonist facing the formerly hostile world with more maturity, or understanding, or enjoyment, than before, depending upon the book.

Henry, in Marc Brandel's *The Mine of Lost Days*, is unusual primarily because he is a boy (the other "haunted" characters are all girls—which is a whole psychology study in itself); however, his background (only child-parents' marriage in trouble—sent off to Ireland for the summer with strange, sculptsess aunt—doesn't relate to Irish boys) makes him one of the misfits right off. When he falls down the shaft of an abandoned mine and finds a family of refugees from the Great Potato Famine, who can make something be real just by thinking it, the stage is set for adventure, including a trip through time to the California gold rush in search of the young man who left the mine one night, promising to return, but never did. Fortunately, Henry realizes that reuniting the family back in the 19th century would mean that his new-found friend, Jane, a descendant of the long-dead Kevin O'Neill, would never have been born, and he returns to the present, leaving the mine-dwellers in their underground home. Upon his return to the United States, Henry finds that his parents have come to a reconciliation, and life is pleasant once more.

Rosemary, in Jane Louise Curry's *Parsley Sage, Rosemary and Time*, is a very prim and proper young lady of ten who is sent to her slightly zany aunt while her parents are off on a business trip. Guided by an elderly cat with the improbable name of Parsley Sage, she crawls through the thorny hedge and into the garden of Time, where a sundial which points perpetually to three o'clock leads her between two ancient trees and into the 18th century. Here, she has various adventures involving an ancient woman, superstitious villagers, and a magic cupboard. The story is very slight, and Rosemary returns to the 1970's in time for dinner. However, she suddenly finds her aunt a much more acceptable person, learns the background of her adventure, and sets off in search of the antique cupboard. One is not prepared for the sudden change in Rosemary's behavior, and the fact that the title is a double pun (not just a play upon "time" and "thyme," but a slightly altered song title) will be lost on most young readers.

A much more successful effort to turn a stuffy "little lady" into a normal child via a trip into the past is *Mirror of Danger*, by Pamela Sykes. Lucy, who has been raised educated in the old-fashioned manner by her Aunt Olive, finds herself, upon said aunt's demise, thrust into a family of cousins—lively, modern parents with noisy, irreverent, independent children. Needless to say, she is delighted to find Alice, who lived in the house a hundred years ago, and whose lifestyle is much more like the one Lucy had known. However, Alice is a spoiled, lonely child who intends to possess Lucy and force her to stay in 1873. Each of the cousins plays an unsuspecting part in freeing her from Alice, and, when the crisis comes, exactly one hundred years after Alice moved away from the house the cousins now occupy, Lucy makes a final decision to join the more challenging 20th century.

The hundredth or hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of some particular event takes on an almost mystical significance in these books—the unquiet dead seem most anxious to cease their wanderings at about that time. Thus it is that John Hollis, a Keats type who died tragically in 1823, becomes a sort of "demon lover" (in a chaste manner—all these books are rated G) to fifteen-year-old Anna Hennessy, in Louise Lawrence's *The Wyndcliffe*. Bereft of her London friends when the family moves to the big, old house on the Wyndcliffe, Anna lacks the social skills, blonde prettiness, and quick wit of her elder sister, Ruth, and sorely misses her brother Simon, who has been left behind to continue his music studies. Ruth panics when she finds out about John Hollis, and she and Simon do their utmost to convince Anna that the young, Romantic, would-be poet is quite dead and not a healthy companion. Anna begins to perceive Ruth as a reincarnation of John's fiancée, Sorrel, who is popularly believed to have driven her lover to suicide at an early age, and becomes physically ill, probably as much in response to the emotional stresses she is suffering as from any particular infection. It is only when Anna discovers that John probably fell off the Wyndcliffe accidentally (he died during a snowstorm), that this ghost departs to wherever ghosts belong, and the reader is treated to a final description of Anna, as seen by Simon (p.183):

...never seen the incredible depth of expression in her gray eyes . . . the eyes that . . . held the wisdom of a lifetime, as if she'd seen visions that he would never see and knew things that he would never know.

I really feel this book was too hard on Ruth—after all, there is nothing wrong with being blonde, and pretty, and popular, and seventeen, or with having ordinary aspirations, or fearing that your fifteen-year-old sister is becoming insane when she starts consorting with ghosts. . . .

Another suicide—that wasn't—is revealed in Catherine Sefton's novel, *The Haunting of Ellen*. Ellen is disaster-prone, and a younger sister—trials enough without also being the dreamer in an otherwise intensely practical family. She is "possessed" by Margaret, who was reputed to have committed suicide in despair after her lover's fatal leap from a cliff (he chose death rather than capture, and so forth). As it turns out, neither of them died—they made their way through seaside caves at dead low tide and ran off to parts unknown. Margaret cannot rest because of the sorrow her apparent death caused her parents. All this is revealed, in the space of a few days, because Ellen, her sister, and her widowed mother are forced to give up their rooms to a family of thirteen for whom Ellen has made a reservation in their tourist hostel, without realizing the number of people involved. Ellen finds herself sleeping in a long-unused outbuilding, which was formerly occupied by the late Margaret and her long-dead family. This book would probably be enjoyed by a dreamy, young-teen girl, but it is really nothing special, except that Ellen literally experiences what Margaret experienced and involuntarily writes out Margaret's messages, rather than just "seeing" Margaret.

Lyd, of A Chill in the Lane, by Mabel Esther Allan, is an outstanding example of the I-don't-belong-in-this-family syndrome—she is the small, dark-haired, intellectual, Cornish adopted daughter among tall, not at all scholarly, Saxon father, mother, and brothers. Lyd's adoptive father has hidden her origins from her, so, when she begins to have what she fears are frightening hallucinations during a vacation on the coast of Cornwall, she does not know that she is witnessing the persecution and drowning of her own ancestress by a village of witch-fearing fisherfolk. In living through these supernatural happenings, sixteen-year-old

Lyd, who was afraid of so many things, finds courage she did not know she possessed, her own ancestral roots, and the acceptance of one of her "own" people: Simon, the Cornish fisherman's son. Armed with this strengthened sense of self, she feels more a part of her adopted family, and mistress of her own destiny.

Of all these books, *The Wyndcliffe*, and *The Chill in the Lane* best handle the problems of girls adjusting to their own style of growing up, different as that may be from everyone else's. The contrast between Anna's well-to-do but rejecting family and the honest concern shown by Lyd's working class parents and brother is interesting, but does not alter the similarity of the endings: where Anna gains self-confidence by bearing the ridicule of her sister and brother, Lyd gains strength because her family and Simon so totally accept her and try to help her with what they recognize as a serious problem. In the end, both girls opt for reality.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE LERNER SCIENCE FICTION LIBRARY edited by Roger Elwood. Illus. by Kathleen Groenjes. 8 volumes. Lerner Publications, 1974. 48 pp. each. \$3.95 each, \$31.60 series. Age level: 9-12

Adrift in Space & other stories
The Graduated Robot & other stories
Journey to Another Star & other stories
The Killer Plants & other stories
The Mind Angel & other stories
The Missing World & other stories
Night of the Sphinx & other stories
The Tunnel & other stories

Reading teachers and librarians will be interested in this 8 volume set of short stories for intermediate and junior high school children who are reading at the 5th grade level. Each book contains three to five original stories by sf writers, written especially for children with high interest and low vocabulary levels. The stories are diverse and amusing: as an example "The Killer Plants" concerns a farmer's son who is walking through the fields one day only to discover giant plants put there by aliens plotting to take over the earth. The boy's ingenuity and quick thinking bring the story to a startling conclusion as the aliens are beaten at their own game.

This new series should be well received by all those concerned with children.

—Marylou Hewitt

LAVENDER-GREEN MAGIC by Andre Norton. Illus. by Judith Gwyn Brown. Thomas Y. Crowell, 1974. 241 pp. \$5.50

Three children are uprooted from their Boston home and go to live with their grandparents in rural Sussex, near the town dump. Dimsdale is more than that, however, it is the locale of one of the oldest family sites in the area, and an ancient curse. Holly's grandparents are efficient recyclers and are a respected part of their community, but Holly, at an awkward age when she is too aware of being black in an almost all-white community sees only degradation, and her hurt and anger in her new circumstances nearly causes her to bring great danger to her new friends and neighbors. She sees her mistake in time and with her sister and brother help out a new friend from the past, who in turn helps them.

Besides the obvious moral—which Ms. Norton handles with sensitivity—there is a magic quality to the story which deals with witches from the past and a magical maze. Herbs and flowers and a rural setting texture the story with color, scent and all the good things to be found living close to the earth. For an extra treat the writer has included at the back some recipes for good spice concoctions.

The illustrator has created fine pen drawings which exactly capture a scene: inside the grandparents' house, deep in the evil left side of the maze, the children's Halloween costumes and so on evoking a feeling of scene and person exactly complementing the text.

This is a fine story for young people.

—Gail C. Futoran

AUTHORS' CHOICE 2. *Illus. by Krystyna Turska. Thomas Y. Crowell, 1974. 246 pp. \$6.95. "Stories chosen by Joan Aiken, John Christopher, Elizabeth Coatsworth. . ."* Age level: 10 up

The eighteen authors whose "choices" are included in this anthology are all noted for writing children's books which are also enjoyed by adults. Their tastes range from Damon Runyon, to Theodore Sturgeon, to Oscar Wilde, and include a youthful diarist named Maggie Owen. There is Victorian sentimentality here, and uninhibited Western American earthiness, a fine sense of the ridiculous, a love for beauty and much, much more. Like the stories they write, these authors prefer literature with a wide appeal. This is a book to be bought, savored, shared, and returned to, over and over. I have not yet had a chance to read its companion, *Authors' Choice*, but that will be remedied as soon as possible. For those who like to "meet the author," there are short bio's of choosers and chosen at the end of the book.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE FOUNDLING AND OTHER TALES OF PRYDAIN by Lloyd Alexander. *Pictures by Margot Zemach. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1973. 87 pp. \$5.95. Age level: 9 and up*

These are short stories about characters who have appeared in the novels of the Prydain cycle. Mr. Alexander's last novel won a Newbery, and he is one of the most competent producers of juvenile fantasy.

The Prydain books are derived from Welsh legend, and these short stories are essentially in folk/fairy tale format. Thematically the stories are quite traditional. There is a young man who reads too much in a magic book, a farmer who requests the wrong wish from a dwarf, and a harper who outwits death (among others).

While the book is handsomely produced with attractive black and white illustrations, the wide margins and relatively large print give relatively little text for the money. (This is not a picture book.)

—Leslie Bloom

THE JARGOON PARD by Andre Norton. *Atheneum, 1974. 194 pp. \$6.95. "A Margaret K. McElderry Book."*

After more than five years of reviewing, I have decided that it takes more skill to create a good juvenile novel than to write its adult counterpart. This book is a prime example. Basically sword-and-sorcery, the plot revolves around a youthful misfit in a kingdom where Wise Women exercise their talents in use of the Power, Wereriders have their own territory outside the borders, and there are places and scrolls better left untouched. Kethan is heir to the House of Car Do Prawn by virtue of being the son of the Lady Heroise, sister to the current leader, for lineage is recorded through the female line in Arvon. What the reader, the Lady Heroise, and the Wise Woman Ursilla know that everyone else does not is that Kethan is not Heroise' true child, but was exchanged at birth for the daughter she really bore, as only a male can inherit the House, and only a son would further her ambitions. What nobody knows is that Kethan's father is a Wererider—until his supposed grandmother presents him with a belt made of leopard skin, with the likeness of a cat carved into the buckle, and the youth becomes a leopard at the next full moon. The rest is rousing good adventure, which culminates in a breath-stopping scene wherein Heroise' true child is called forth, Kethan is reunited with his parents, Ursilla's power recoils upon her, and great deeds are promised for the future.

This book was a joy to read—Kethan is a believable youth, with all the instability and raw nerve ends of adolescence, tempered only by his loneliness, his "differentness," and the training given by an old warrior who remembers times when the world was wider—and harsher. The child reader is not treated condescendingly—Andre Norton is very much aware how early the talent for deciphering printed symbols is developed, so the vocabulary and style are as rich as those of the better "adult" novels of this genre, although the gorier and darker elements are not present. Here the Shadow world remains just that. A few wicked adults may make their own excursions thence, but Kethan is happy to dwell in the sunlight.

—Charlotte Moslander

On National Rodent Day Jenny gives a party even though life is not easy. Cats and dogs are slowly diminishing the numbers of rodents in their group. Bouncer makes a speech about freedom, and Jenny gives the speech direction by saying that they should find a peaceful island to live on. They supply their ship and after many troubles escape to sea. The first few days they take life easy, but after a time become seasick, homesick and downhearted. Food is low when land is sighted.

The geography book calls the island "Skog" and states it is inhabited by one skog. None know what a skog is. Lousie wants to bring him a gift in friendship but Bouncer makes a show of force and launches cannon balls from the ship.

Bouncer claims the land and proclaims himself King while Jenny says they all feel like kings. They return to the ship for the night and in the morning find a huge footprint on the beach. A trap is laid for the monster and they wait on shore and at dawn find they are marooned on the island. Bouncer grumbles, but Jenny puts her plan for capturing the skog into operation. It works. The skog begs not to be killed and says he was just trying to get them to leave because the cannon and the trap frightened him. Jenny says that they all should have talked first and all agree to build a village and to live in peace. Bouncer decides they need a national anthem and an orchestra and that HE will lead it.

An interesting story. Bouncer is the prototype of all the people who have a good idea and lead others into projects, and then when things are going wrong disclaim any responsibility for their actions. Jenny and Lousie are too passive for me. They have good ideas, and yet they go along with the crowd. Group dynamics in action. I think the author was trying to show that one should make plans and rather than show force show friendship first, yet the characters that show these traits are so weak the concept is hard to grasp. All they seem capable of is an "I told you so" attitude.

The artwork is excellent and just for that I would recommend the book. The work is done in pastels and all the details are small pen point lines which take hours to do. The original artwork must be fantastic.

Sandy Deckinger

EDMOND HAMILTON: An Interview continued from Page 4

for in buttons. But I was trying to make a living writing sf, and when they asked me to take on the Captain Future chore, I had to specify that until they could pay more for the stories, I'd have to do them in as little time as possible. They agreed, and the first few of them were just sort of written off as rapidly as possible... though I had made out a schema of background for the stories, which I adhered to carefully. But I have never believed in dashing out a story because it was an unpretentious thing.

☆☆☆

I met Leigh Brackett in the summer of 1940. Jack Williamson and I went over to Beverly Hills to see Julius Schwartz and Mort Weisinger, Mort being then sf editor of Standard Magazines. Julie Schwartz was my agent, and he was also Leigh's agent, and while we were there, Leigh stopped to see Julie and he introduced us. I saw her several times in that summer. The next summer, that of 1941, Julie and I drove out to Los Angeles and spent the summer there, renting a bungalow in a court. We had quite a gang of sf people come by in evenings... Bradbury was selling newspapers on the corner of the street, in those days, and Henry Kuttner, Art Barnes, and a good many others came by. Leigh came to see us in the afternoons sometimes, and I got better acquainted with her. Then when I went back to Pennsylvania that fall I lost track of her during the war years. I went back out to California in the summer of 1946 and Leigh and Ray Bradbury met me at the Hotel Roosevelt bar in Hollywood and welcomed me back to the coast. I fell hard for her at once and have remained that way ever since!

NEW BOOKS continued from Page 6

Zolar. THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS. Sphere, 40p. ne, pb. 7221.9430.7

These books may only be sold outside the United Kingdom subject to market restrictions. © Aardvark House 1975.

Reviews

FANTASY COLLECTOR'S ANNUAL, ed. by Gerry de la Ree. Author (7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, N.J. 07458) 1974. 64 p. \$7.50

While not a total rip-off, this is not really worth the price to most people. Heavily slanted to material held by de la Ree, primarily graphic material, this is a mishmash of writing about Virgil Finlay's dust jacket for *The Outsider*, reprints of HPL letters to Finlay, a possible Poe letter (which should have been reproduced in facsimile), a Mahlon Blaine mini-portfolio, a Cabell letter, several inscriptions in books (these are reproduced in facsimile), more Finlay material, an article on Frank Pape, and two poems. Maybe 1975 will be better.

—J. B. Post

A SURVEY OF THE ARNO PRESS SF COLLECTION

In 1973 Arno Press marketed a 41 volume utopian literature reprint collection aimed at libraries. With the rapid growth in academic acceptance of sf as a legitimate field of study, Arno has now published 62 sturdily bound volumes in an sf series, priced at a cool \$1045. These are mostly hardbound facsimile reprints offset from originals in the University of California, Riverside collection formerly owned by the late Dr. J. Lloyd Eaton. Selected by Robert Reginald and Douglas Menville, the books provide representative samples from 1751 (Ralph Morris, *Life and Astonishing Adventures of John Daniel*) to 1934 (John Taine's *Before the Dawn*). Most cluster in the 1870-1920 period, the era covered by J.O. Bailey's pioneering study, *Pilgrims Through Space and Time* (1947, reprinted 1972), which discusses many of these titles. In addition to the reprints, there is an anthology of 10 stories from the 1886-1918 period which illustrate themes now commonplace. This is similar to Moskowitz's *Science Fiction by Gaslight* (1968).

Selected works of criticism and bibliography were also reprinted, such as Amis's *New Maps of Hell* (1960), Cole's *Checklist of Science-Fiction Anthologies* (1964), Gove's *Imaginary Voyage in Prose Fiction* (1941), a valuable historical study, two of Bradford Day's checklists, and Reginald's own *Contemporary Science Fiction Authors* [originally *Stella Nova*] (1970). Two doctoral and one master's theses are also reprinted.

Because of the relatively high prices asked for the works—\$10 to \$20 on the average—their appeal is likely to be limited to libraries and a few ambitious collectors interested in early works. With tight book budgets libraries will have to consider these titles individually and highly selectively. Those already collecting early sf systematically are likely to have acquired a fair number of the Arno titles.

All the familiar and hackneyed themes are here. Beresford's *Hampdenshire Wonder* (1911) is a tragic treatment of a superman whose life is accidentally cut short in childhood. Waterloo's *Story of Ab* (1903) is a prototype for hundreds of similar works treating prehistoric man, such as Cleve Cartmill's memorable short, "The Link" (1942), to Golding's *The Inheritors* (1962). Space travel, future wars, mad scientists, time travel, lost races—the familiar themes suggest again that there is not much new under the sun, even an alien sun. Although these reprints will be useful as primary source material, more useful would be detailed studies over the years, much as Bailey did on a broad scale. Stuart Teitler, the dealer and collector, should certainly write a critical history of the lost race novel. And we need a good study of the scientist in literature, not only sf.

In a survey review of this sort, it is impracticable to list all titles. Interested readers and libraries should request the detailed catalog from Arno Press (330 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017), which has excellent plot synopses and comments on the significance of each work. Without having read all the works, my favorite is *The War of the Wenuses* by C.L. Graves and E.V. Lucas (1898), a very funny semi-feminist parody of Wells' *War of the Worlds*. Fan collectors may wish to acquire one or more of the bibliographies, several of which will be superseded in the next few years, but most readers will be deterred by the prices. My guess is that print runs for most titles are not likely to exceed 2000 copies and are more likely to be closer to half that, with the primary market being scholars and larger libraries.

—Neil Barron

The kindest words future historians may have for fans and fandom will probably be in the area of bibliography. True, many of the efforts have been half-assed, if well-meaning, but even these have often attempted to control a mass of material which makes traditional bibliographers shudder. Many of the approaches to science fiction can be used with other forms of popular literature as well.

Andrew Whyte's index is impressive. One feature is a bit controversial; publishing an annual index before the end of the year and noting the announced forthcoming titles (marked with an asterix). Publishers, being as they are, this can be dangerous what with delays and even name changes. But a noble experiment. The index is divided into several sections or lists. An effort is made to classify the entries by type in the forthcoming list: science fiction, adult fantasy, heroic fantasy, "fantasy leftovers," occult/supernatural, crime/political speculation, and non fiction. The subject lists are original U.S. novels, sf not so identified by publisher, reprint novels "first time in paperback," Science Fiction Book Club titles, one-author collections, adaptations from film & TV, posthumous one-author collections, "other one-author collections of interest," reprint collections "first time in paperback," "other reprint collections of interest," three anthology lists (all new, all previously published, mixed), forthcoming hardcovers, and forthcoming paperbacks. The information given in an entry is essentially author, special symbols (noting whether part of a series, prior U.K. publication, whether a translation, whether adapted from a movie or TV, whether published as a juvenile), publisher (including whether it was a Science Fiction Book Club selection), and month of original publication.

An impressive publication and well worth the price. I am sure that subsequent editions will work out the bugs one invariably finds in the first issues of works of this kind. It will certainly list stories many of us would otherwise miss and for that reason alone it deserves praise.

—J. B. Post

LOVECRAFT: A BIOGRAPHY by L. Sprague de Camp. Doubleday, 1975. xvi, 510 p.
\$10.00

Though of Gallic surname, L. Sprague de Camp writes with a Germanic thoroughness. He sometimes produces a definitive work on a subject, but almost always his book is a major contribution to whatever field he is discussing. Previously he has given us *the* book on Atlantis, a thorough history of the Scopes Trial, a major work on archaeology, and a history of the growth of paleontological knowledge, to note only a few. Now he tackles the biography of one of the strangest characters in American literature. Anyone who is reading this knows who H. P. Lovecraft (1890-1937) was. If, by chance, you don't, this book will remedy that sad defect. Here it is, gang, a huge, well researched tome on the life and times of HPL. It is a true biography, probably the first on Lovecraft. It examines his family life and his relations with others. Obviously it examines his fiction, verse, and other writings. This has to be a major work, and not even primarily in our little world of sf and fandom.

At this point a normal mainstream type reviewer would summarize the book, probably throwing in a few quotes. Since you are all going to read this book (and that's an order) such tactics would be futile here. I shall merely note that this is *the* chronicle of HPL's life, giving more information than most people would want. There are, however, defects in the work. As for errors, the glaring one on page 333 where the wrong title for a story appears is the most horrendous. The format of the notes is confusing, all the more for being end-notes at the back of the book: it is difficult to easily sort out the citations and sources. Every so often I had a feeling of unreality in reading this biography though this is not a defect in the author but in the subject: I knew HPL was strange but not this strange! De Camp does, unfortunately, obtrude into the narrative more than is normally considered seemly in biographies by offering his opinions and observations at frequent intervals—not that the opinions aren't interesting and valid, but we find out a lot about Sprague as well as about Lovecraft. These shortcomings (if they are even that) are so minor that a total evaluation of the book is highly positive.

As in any proper biography, some ancestry is given (and it appears that de Camp is a fifth or so cousin of Lovecraft's by marriage). Friends and associates are described, R.E. Howard and C.A. Smith coming in for a share of the limelight. Perhaps the best account of HPL's strange (as if anything he did wasn't strange) marriage is narrated here. Probably everyone connected in any way with science fiction and fantasy should read this book. Those of us who have a fascination with Lovecraft (and I confess to one—I am surprised that HPL appears so much more of a sickie in his life than is ever apparent in his stories or in the reminiscences of his friends) will have to own this edition of this work, though more rational people will no doubt wait for the near-inevitable paperback. While no narrative of this nature can probably ever make HPL come alive to someone who hasn't gained a feeling for the man by reading most of his stories, it is an impressive accomplishment, a chronicle of a man who was a major (for better or for worse, take your pick) influence on modern fantasy. This reviewer found the book uncomfortable to read because he shares many of the biographee's weaknesses, weaknesses shared with fandom (and humanity) at large. And speaking of fandom, the unkind words used by de Camp for amateur journalism are also applicable to (and possibly meant for) science fiction fandom. Buy, borrow, or steal (an order, remember) this biography of a man whose life was so strange it couldn't be fictionalized without charges of implausibility or impossibility, but somehow read this book. De Camp has once again written a winner.

—J. B. Post

WANDERING STARS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF JEWISH FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, ed. by Jack Dann. Harper & Row, 1974. 239 p. \$6.95

A few years ago, while I was assigned to the information desk at my local public library, I chanced to make the acquaintance of a young fan who attended a boarding school for Jewish boys. One evening he asked for the names of a few Jewish authors as he had to do a report on one. Being a good librarian, I started off in alphabetical order: "Isaac Asimov..." and got no farther. "Isaac Asimov!" "Isaac Asimov is Jewish! Oh, I'm so glad!" My young friend has since graduated from high school and disappeared from the area. Wherever he is now, I'm sure he would enjoy this book, which starts out, appropriately enough, with an introduction by Isaac Asimov.

This is a collection of truly superior stories, from William Tenn's "On Venus Have We Got a Rabbi" which asks the question: What is a Jew? through Harlan Ellison's "I'm Looking for Kodak," which describes the problem of forming a minyan on a doomed planet. In between, Avram Davidson describes a modern-day golem ("The Golem") and takes his protagonist through a *really* bad day ("Goslin Day"); Isaac Asimov allows a modern man to meet his old-country ancestor and vice-versa ("Unto the Fourth Generation"); Carol Carr looks at the mixed-marriage problem ("Look, You Think You've Got Troubles"); and Robert Silverberg gives an old superstition a new twist ("The Dybbuk of Mazel Tov IV"). Horace L. Gold gives Greenberg a problem which is not particularly Jewish—he runs afoul of a water gnome—but, as Mike, the policeman, reminds him "You ain't Irish or you'd have spoke with more respect to him." ("The Trouble with Water"); Pamela Sargent's empath in "Gather Blue Roses" could be anyone—but the trait is inherited from her mother, who was imprisoned in a Nazi concentration camp; in "The Jewbird" Bernard Malamud declares that not all anti-Semites are Gentiles; Geo. Alec Effinger's "Paradise Lost" presents the Diaspora in its most insidious form; Robert Sheckley's "Street of Dreams, Feet of Clay" presents a city with all the worst attributes of a Jewish mother; and Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Jachid and Jechidah" tells an unusual story of death and life.

There are those who will complain that this is Jewish literature only insofar as it represents the Jewish experience of Eastern Europe. In a way, that is true. The religious references apply to all, but the Yiddish accents, the 'Jewish mother,' the survivors of the camps, will be as alien to the Mediterranean or Oriental person of the Jewish faith as to anyone else from his part of the world. No one, however, will quibble over the literary merit found here. Whether written as satire, comedy, tragedy, or just plain narrative, the stories included in this anthology are, without exception, outstanding examples of fantasy and science fiction.

—Charlotte Moslander

THE WITCHSTONE by Victoria Graham. Pyramid V3289, 1974. 254 p. \$1.25

This is pedestrian Foil & Fetish non-epic, the main Quest-ion of which is a search for the Witchstone, an ancient talisman whose power is granted to whomever possesses it, however briefly. The book is flawed by writing that is wordy without being evocative, and by unnecessary stereotypes. Thus we have: Fenrulf the Outlander, mad-scientist sorcerer and his moronic dwarf servant Orog; Sibebe, ageless vampire beauty; and Rothric, lecherous bandit wizard-king—all vying for the enchanted gem. It really doesn't matter that Fenrulf ends up with it, because we've long guessed Sibebe will fall in love with the sorcerer—whom she hates, and who will have to die for her love after disposing of Rothric and at the last minute repenting his Spell of Destruction and...

A waste really, because Graham can create good devices (the horse-spirits of Sibebe and Rothric for example), and with thought and careful editing could have turned out a tale more entertaining than trite.

—D. Reid Powell

ORBIT 12, edited by Damon Knight. Putnam, 1973. 254 p. \$5.95 (paperback: Berkley N2409, 1974. 95¢)

Orbit goes on, these are new stories, never seen before, and most of them clearly experimental. They are experimental not in style, as was the New Wave, but in subject matter and handling. The authors have not hewed to the line in standard plotting, many of these stories are loose, drifting reveries. Outstanding examples are four by Brian Aldiss—each a day in the life of one character and each more a kind of stylized essay in morals and manners than anything else, with no real link to science fiction as such. They just happen to be delightful, brilliantly written, and rich in allegory and color. Similarly, Ursula Le Guin contributes a fantasy about an oak tree which presents a point of view very different from anything you have ever seen before—how does an oak tree regard an approaching motor car or pedestrian? With "The Windows in Dante's Hell," Michael Bishop takes us back into science fiction, and a look at that over-mechanized, honeycombed city of the future—well done. And Mel Glidden does a mildly amusing job on BEM's in "What's the Matter With Herbie?" which treats some unlikely BEM's as though they were grey-flanneled commuters. All in all, an intriguing anthology more from the standpoint of novelty than of enduring contributions to the science fiction literature. So far as literature goes, Brian Aldiss' four stories come closest to being just that.

—Samuel Mines

ORBIT 14, edited by Damon Knight. Harper & Row, 1974. 210 p. \$6.95

ORBIT 15, edited by Damon Knight. Harper & Row, 1974. 207 p. \$7.95

Orbit 14, another goodie collection of short stories with nary a dud in the lot. The usual gathering of current greats include Joanna Russ and R.A. Lafferty paired off together. On purpose? I find their tall tales told with a minimum of simplicity always fun. Joan D. Vinge provides an overlong but tender space-age love story. Ursula K. Le Guin does a beautiful thing with a man's lostness while Kate Wilhelm's after-the-catastrophe story added little that was new. Gary K. Wolf tells us how to build bridges, evoking the feelings of a man who truly lives his work. There's an amusing report by Murray Yaco on how not to fake out Mother Nature and finally a piece by Gene Wolfe concerning living and dying.

In *Orbit 15*, a minor Lafferty effort gets things off to a slow start. An interesting solution to population is presented by a new writer, Doris Piserchia, but the anthology really hits stride with Kate Wilhelm's lovely long tale of species survival. An 11 or 15 word story (I didn't know whether or not to count the two "The End"s) by Edward Wellen left me cold and uncaring—why overstate the obvious? Gene Wolfe's "Melting" matched Lafferty's piece as a minor achievement. A long poem by Michael Bishop about Lilliputia after Gulliver was very fine. The rest of the stories were interesting reading but didn't resolve themselves with the exception of the final tale by George Alec Effinger which says something quite subtle about the prisons we build for ourselves.

—Gail C. Futoran

THE IMMORTALITY FACTOR by Osborn Segerberg, Jr. E. P. Dutton, 1974. 392 pp. \$10

This is not fiction, nor science fiction, but should be of interest to science fiction fans, who brood about such matters as immortality and death and so on. The book is a well-written and carefully researched work on aging, on what is new in gerontology, and what is being done to thwart the Grim Reaper at least a few years more for most of us. Segerberg is a journalist who has done one book on ecology and an environmental study guide for the New York State Department of Education, and worked for UPI, CBS and other news gathering organizations. The book is divided into two parts: the Quest for immortality, and the Questions which the achievement might provoke. Like who shall live and what would be the effect on our ecology? Egerberg's description of the aging process is enough to make one feel decrepit and his research is well done, although I do not find myself in total agreement with him. For example, he apparently accepts the medical establishment's dictum that elevated levels of serum cholesterol are, per se, almost a guarantee of cardiovascular disease and he cites the usual examples of Hunza tribes in the Andes who eat no meat or other sources of saturated fats and show the usual low levels of circulating cholesterol. But he doesn't mention the equally remote Watusi tribes in Africa who live on meat and blood and milk entirely, have very high cholesterol levels and also have no heart disease. The entire "evidence" in this field is statistical and moreover it is contradictory. But aside from such minor points, his book is a readable, well organized and informative work, and worth the time of anyone who might be growing older.

—Samuel Mines

THE BRONZE AXE (Richard Blade 1) by Jeffrey Lord. Pinnacle 00201, 1973. 218 pp. 95¢

THE JADE WARRIOR (Richard Blade 2) by Jeffrey Lord. Pinnacle 00202, 1973. 222 pp. 95¢

JEWEL OF THARN (Richard Blade 3) by Jeffrey Lord. Pinnacle 00203, 1973. 221 pp. 95¢

SLAVE OF SARMA (Richard Blade 4) by Jeffrey Lord. Pinnacle 00204, 1973. 192 pp. 95¢

LIBERATOR OF JED (Richard Blade 5) by Jeffrey Lord. Pinnacle 00205, 1973. 223 pp. 95¢

MONSTER OF THE MAZE (Richard Blade 6) by Jeffrey Lord. Pinnacle 00206, 1973. 185 pp. 95¢

PEARL OF PATMOS (Richard Blade 7) by Jeffrey Lord. Pinnacle 00207, 1973. 190 pp. 95¢

UNDYING WORLD (Richard Blade 8) by Jeffrey Lord. Pinnacle 00208, 1973. 189 pp. 95¢

Perhaps it was coincidence that blessed me with this eight-fold reading treat. Coincidence that they arrived to cheer me after a long period of reviewing inactivity on my part. Perhaps . . . but paranoia comes easily these days.

Richard Blade, British special agent for "J's" top-secret M16A intelligence unit, becomes the active participant in the researches of Lord Leighton, "England's greatest scientist, a shrunken little man with a grotesque hump and glittering yellow eyes." The gruff but fatherly J and the mad scientist type proceed to send Blade off on other-dimensional explorations meant to restore some of Britain's former grandeur with loot from other worlds.

It seems that Blade is the only perfect physical and mental specimen fit for the experimentation. (Charitably, since Blade is muscle-bound and moronic, this may be the author's attempt to explain Britain's loss of empire.) An explanation of how this interdimensional travel is accomplished is characteristically eloquent, if somewhat vague. "Not a question of cosmogony, sir. I tried to explain that in my report. Not a question of time or space, either. It is a question of the dimensional rift—my computer so alters the molecular structure of Blade's brain and body that he is able to perceive, and live in, dimensions that none of the rest of us are aware of." (*Jewel of Tharn*, p.8)

To say that a similarity in plot exists among the Blade novels is the grossest of understatement. Blade arrives (usually) in the midst of danger, is knocked about a bit to add spice, then—invariably—wows the local-dimensional females with his amazing sexual prowess. As an incidental sideline he takes on a series of monsters, barbarian hordes and highly one-dimensional villains—preferably with his bare hands or a dull sword. These threats seldom equal the voraciousness or viciousness of the author's women, but they manage to be equally dreary.

Once I realized that the novels were little more than prepubescent sexual fantasies (In *Undying World*, for example, Blade becomes stud for the females of an entire race), I made a vain attempt to avoid ennui by keeping track of Blade's conquests in a kind of box score:

Slave of Sarma: A princess, a queen, another princess
Liberator of Jedd: A home dimension girlfriend, a slave girl, a 10-year-old empress

Monster of the Maze: A harem girl, a princess, a barbarian princess, a diamond statue (!)

Pearl of Patmos: An English noblewoman, a neophyte goddess, a goddess.

Convinced of the difficulty of Blade one-upping on a diamond statue, I quit my tally.

The reader can imagine my overwhelming joy when I began the eighth novel: "It was unthinkable that Richard Blade, of all the men in the world, should be impotent. Yet it had happened. He was in the prime of life, with a massive and superbly conditioned body, a keen and highly trained mind, and yet the fact had to be faced—he was a member of the limp phallus club." Now, after seven novels detailing our hero's frightening endowments, after untold females observing with trepidation "his enormous lingam a tower upthrust," my relief at this news was considerable—and, unfortunately, short-lived.

Surely, you say, an entire series must have more going for it than inane adventure, naive sexual wish-fulfilment, and poor writing? Sorry, that's all folks!

Masochists will be thrilled to learn that Richard Blade, virility more than restored, has by now completed his fourteenth sterling adventure. Pinnacle satistically promises "more to come."

—B. A. Fredstrom

THE DOOMSDAY GENE by John Boyd. Weybright & Talley, 1973. 230 pp. \$5.95

In the eight novels, including this one, that Boyd has produced he has presented some of the most innovative and irreverent ideas and concepts in science fiction. More important, he has presented them with the effervescent wit and penetration of a natural entertainer.

The 21st Century United States is a fascinating place: where criminals may be hunted on special reserves, where anti-technological "skinheads" live in protected cultural enclaves, where gynodrone "Barbies" and androne "Kens" are used as sex objects to achieve zero population growth, where historical villages try to duplicate the life of past time periods. Into this world is thrust Amal Eugene Severn, a Baghdad seismologist and transfer student to the great California university complex in Los Angeles. Although strangely plagued by pseudo-memories of a past life, Amal has no idea that he has been "programmed from the foetal stage to accomplish much and to die young from a genetically induced self-destruct mechanism." He is one of five prototypes in Ambulatory Eugenic Experiment Severn—what could be more valuable in a population-plagued world than a short but immensely productive life span? When Amal meets coed Lyn Oberlin, who can virtually "read minds" through facial reactions, some disquieting facts begin to emerge. Amal's prediction of a disastrous earthquake, and the dawning realization among the puppeteering experimenters that something is awry, lead to a savage and irresistible denouement.

Boyd's subject matter, as usual, provides continuing opportunities for satirical or serious asides. What could be more irreverent to the science fiction fan than a description of the genre as "a remote literary excrecence which had frothed briefly to the surface of twentieth-century literature before it was scummed off by scientific advances which had turned the genre's romantic conjecturings into low-comedy realism."

This particular bit of froth, at any rate, is highly recommended.

—B. A. Fredstrom

Let's see now. It seems there is a kidnapping, but maybe it isn't a kidnapping. Anyway, a girl splits from a colony of aliens, aided and abetted by an older woman, and heads for her home planet. Our hero, who is a combination of man-of-action and the brooding introspective type and who holds long conversations with the wind, is sent after her. He has some unpleasant experiences in the jungles of the alien planet and he doesn't actually ever find this girl, but she comes back by herself. It seems she is a member of a still older race than the aliens she is classed with, and some people think she is a kind of god, but others think these are false gods. Anyway, the humans seem to set a good deal of value on her, for what reason neither the hero nor I were able to figure out because she doesn't do anything I could ascertain nor is anything changed by the whole futile adventure. Kind of a pity because in many respects this is a literate, well written book. Its only problem is that it is very very talky, with almost no plot or action, and in the end, nothing really happens. The author can write, but he didn't have much in the way of solid material to work on and tried to get by with some very fancy double-talk.

—Samuel Mines

BEST GHOST STORIES OF ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, sel. and introd. by E.F. Bleiler. Dover, 1974. 366 pp. \$3.00

Algernon Blackwood is the latest of the classic popular Edwardian short-story masters to join Dover's one-volume anthology sets. Blackwood's true fans will not want my reviewer's opinions, only the book's statistics: 1-3 selections apiece from all the earlier collections from *Empty House to Day and Night Stories*: 1906-07-08-10-12-14-17.

Besides thirteen stories and novelettes, E.F. Bleiler has had the editorial intelligence to include Blackwood's later 1938 preface to a collected edition. Most authors are perceptive, or at least self-revealing, about their own work, even egomaniacs like Mailer or Ellison. The '38 preface intelligently associates his horror fantasies with the pop-science speculations of the thirties; and more importantly sketches in the autobiographical sources for many of his fictions. I refer to this preface again below.

It is signed "Savile Club: 1938." Blackwood ended his life (1951) as a postwar-II BBC-TV Establishment entertainer. But the psychic sources of his writing—as a writer, he was a late beginner—are the scarifying experiences of a young Englishman to earn a living in Canada and then in c.1900 New York City. He was one of those people who threw away a fairly cozy social and economic position; and then finds himself scrambling desperately to regain Square One. Both the stories in this collection and Bleiler's brief introductory biography denote an author who cannot identify with winners: people who are successful achievers, potent psychically or physically. Without the commercial ghost-story market of his period, a later Blackwood would no doubt have expressed his traumas by composing postwar academic novels or writing dialogue for the male movie leads of the sixties.

For instance, the story-line of "Secret Worship"—one of the two John Silence stories in this book—requires its protagonist to be a successful hard-nosed European businessman indulging himself on vacation in an Old-Boy return visit to the secluded mountainous monastic school he attended as a boy. (See what a big boy am I!) The reader soon anticipates that the order's brothers have welcomed him back as the centerpiece for one of their ritual black masses. This businessman-hero escapes, but not through his own efforts. The point is, character-confrontation is imaginatively limited in this story by Blackwood's refusal to permit his protagonist the moral aggressiveness and scheming ingenuity the man would have required in real life. It would be amusing for instance to see "Secret Worship"'s basic plot manipulated by a real technician: either Saki in Blackwood's own time, or Richard Westlake in ours.

As a technical term, "plot" is misleading to describe most of Blackwood's story-lines. An excellent atmospheric background will be established; often based, as his 1938 preface says, on personal observation and experience. The Alpine monastery of "Secret Worship"; the sullen Autumnal French village of "Ancient Sorceries"; the Bowery murder-investigation of "Max Hensig"; the landscapes of other stories, so romantic to anybody reviewing his book from Peoria.

But the term "plot" implies confrontation, some sort of moral activity from the characters. Blackwood's characters, even the professed adults, are morally sunk at a pre-adult level below causal perception. One scene doesn't causally lead into another. What the hero "feels" turns out to be "true": no attempt by character (or author) at evidence or verification. Blackwood was an educated, imaginative person with the sanity to write good prose; but in his horror stories he wrote at the level of the most childish fears of the inhibited male. "Ancient Sorceries" is not really revealing about European witch-cult practices, about which as a matter of fact there was general interest and knowledge among Blackwood's reading public. The story really concerns people who fear "witches" and want to burn them. "Evil" in the story is a young girl in a hotel, who is sexually forward; and the village cats. The protagonist knows how to get rid of all this evil; in the story, he sets fire to leaves under them on top of a wall. Blackwood knew witch-burners from the inside.

His illogical nightmare plots do not always perhaps get full value from the real-life experiences that inspired some of the stories. A contemporary mainstream short story writer reading pp. xv-xvi, would I think try to use the body the real Blackwood found rotting on a canoe trip down the Danube; but not Blackwood's own fictional plot. And the modern horror masters influenced by Blackwood and his tradition—Shirley Jackson, Russell Kirk, the film-maker Val Lewton—rely much more than Blackwood on ambivalence. Instead of his ritual murders and psychic rapes, they strive to keep open both a "natural" and evil-supernatural option.

—Mark Purcell

THE WORLDS OF POUL ANDERSON. Ace 91055, 1974. 338 pp. \$1.25

This is a collection of three full-length novels. *The War of Two Worlds* (108 pp.) was first printed as an Ace Double with another Anderson novel in 1959. *Planet of No Return* (105 pp.) appeared in *Astounding SF* in 1954. *World Without Stars* (125 pp.) was printed by Ace in 1966 after serialization in *Analog* (as "The Ancient Gods").

WOTW is slickly written, but as always with Anderson the human side is not neglected. It is a good mystery. In PONR ideas flesh out a skeleton of science, alien mystery, the lure of the future, all major components of basic sf. Using the theme of colonization/planetary exploration, Anderson expounds on the nature of man which is to grow and develop only in freedom. WWS is a traditional problem story, solved to a great extent by the longevity of the human protagonists. There is poetry present, in the form of a man determined to win the fight for survival and return to his one love back on Earth.

Vintage Anderson. A good collection to own, and a bargain at the price. Convenient to have three novels in one place, for those of you running out of bookshelf space (but what does one do with the redundant one-half of an Ace Double?).

—Gail C. Futoran

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD: THE APOCALYPTIC IMAGINATION, SCIENCE FICTION, AND AMERICAN LITERATURE by David Ketterer. Doubleday Anchor, 1974. 333 pp. \$2.95 (hardcover: Indiana University Press, 1974. \$10.95)

Professor Ketterer's full sub-title is included above as an efficient account of his book's theme. (Its title is actually a quotation from that Wellsian mentality, the Leopold Bloom of James Joyce.)

In format, *New Worlds* is the kind of book I read for lunch-hour pleasure, no kidding. Mostly by full-chapter essays on single titles, a theme is developed as in the mainstream critiques of a professor like R. W. B. Lewis, Cleanth Brooks or Reuben Brower. Ketterer's own thesis-idea derives from Lewis' *American Adam*: that the Biblical tradition of world apocalypse is as detectable in American sf as in the mainstream tradition of a Poe, Jack London or Nathaniel West. *New Worlds* structures its six sections and twelve chapters to make this connection. Mainstream-sf treatments of various pet sf themes are contrasted by juxtaposing: Poe vs. *Left Hand of Darkness*; Melville vs. *Sirens of Titan*; C. B. Brown vs. *Solaris* (by that great American writer, Stanislaw Lem).

But as these academic critiques drift into my mailbox, I find myself each time organizing the same set of complaints and objections. Once again, let me replay the old cracked record—

(a) These studies are being produced not so much by love and knowledge as by a lust for publishing respectability and thesis credentials. Because sf, like movies and mysteries, was only lately a bastard form on campus, the authors' thesis advisors won't or can't enforce scholarly accuracy, historicity and general research rigor. The mishmash of dates and titles in the reference to *Space Merchants* (p. 125) would not have made print if Ketterer's thesis had concerned Matthew Arnold or some Cavalier poet; nor the author's barefaced admission (p. 198) that he was too lazy to check the original Polish for some nouns where the literal meaning is essential to his argument about *Solaris*.

(b) After sloth, bluffing: to convenience the flow of his argument, Ketterer invents a parody opposing critic (ix, 182) who takes no interest in literary values and never practices the kind of imagistic criticism found in *New Worlds*. Who is this moth-eaten critic?—Knight? "Atheling, Jr."? Merrill? Russ? There is some disingenuousness here, since *New Worlds* refers at least to the Knight-"Atheling" books. (The Van Vogt argument that Ketterer "refutes," p.182, is dated "1964" from a reprint, not 1947 when it first appeared—to show some advisor a live opponent?)

(c) Lecturing presumably ignorant students or a bored advisor does not encourage alert prose. That some sf later than Wells or Huxley has a literary reputation, Ketterer is aware; but except for imagery, I judge him tone deaf on style. His own sentences, overpredicated, are blocked on the page in flat, consistent-length paragraphs. And if you use *New Worlds'* index to run down references to sf stylists and to yerbal achievements in the field—to Ballard, to *A Clockwork Orange* and *More Than Human*—you find him patronizing or using them to illustrate ideas.

(d) Even by the usual standard for these academic studies, *New Worlds* is soaked with references to mainstream authors and mainstream pecking orders. Sf writers are treated as presumably grateful new members of some literary club. That J. G. Ballard is as sophisticated in his use of Beckett as Iris Murdoch or Harold Pinter, is the kind of argument that simply does not get made in such a club; nor that hard American sf from the ghetto of the 50's—Blish, Clement, Herbert—contains more adult, more complex subject matter than the contemporary mainstream fiction of Capote, Mailer or Salinger.

(e) With some critical help from Suvin and Rottensteiner (*LUNA Monthly* 12/71), Ketterer writes an excellent New-Critical imagistic treatment of *Solaris* in its 1970 English translation. (One almost forgets that Ph.D. candidates should be able to read the many different French and German Lems.) But we gradually realize Ketterer can't grasp the (fictional) "biochemical" basis of Lem's fascinating unicellular planet. Ketterer thinks *Solaris* is allegorical, as offhandedly put together as Vonnegut's Titan or Bradbury's Mars. By undeserved good luck, this obtuseness doesn't affect the chapter's usefulness in helping us with *Solaris'* thesis. But Ketterer can't distinguish Lem from the postwar American writers for whom "science" meant only the technological conventions established by older fiction writers in the same magazines.

(f) ... You see the problem: preconceptions and arrogance blurring perceptiveness and discrimination. As I say, I read such books for pleasure, but I morally disapprove of the attitudes behind them. —Mark Purcell

A CLUTCH OF VAMPIRES: THESE BEING AMONG THE BEST FROM HISTORY & LITERATURE, comp. by Raymond T. McNally. *New York Graphic Society*, 1974. 255 pp. \$6.95 (paperback: Warner 59-821, 1975. \$1.75)

A varied bag, this, twenty-five (count-'em) bits of vampiric lore dredged from ancient Greece to modern Romania, some classic (in many senses). McNally's introduction (pp. 9-22) gives us a small thumbnail sketch of the history of belief in vampires. His selections are both fiction and "fact," if unadulterated superstition may be so designated. He gives us Le Fanu's "Carmilla," selections from Polidori's *The Vampyre*, the vampire story from Durrell's *Balthazar*, "Dracula's Guest," and three modern fictional pieces (by Bloch, Derleth, and Matheson). The so-called fact pieces are culled from literature and reportage over the years and, on the whole, are rather dull. A few illustrations attempt to enliven the book. The good stuff is available elsewhere. Not recommended.

—J. B. Post

FILMGUIDE TO "2001, A SPACE ODYSSEY" by Carolyn Geduld. Indiana University Press, 1973. 87 pp. \$5.00, \$1.75 paper

The material now available about *2001* could fill a fair-sized bibliography. This book provides one, and gives a competent, informed tour of Stanley Kubrick's past efforts as well as *2001*. Film rental sources are given, critical discussion is included, and most other things which a professor or film student will need to talk intelligently about one of the finest films ever made. It is, in a sense, Cliff's Notes for a film student—something which sounds ridiculous, but which serves a purpose in the modern educational system. Most students, with this and other guides available, will not have to think much, or research. They'll just have to memorize. They may even be able to skip the movie . . .

But somehow, skipping *2001* just isn't the same as not reading *Pride and Prejudice*. (This reviewer, you see, resorted to Cliff's Notes for the Jane Austen classic before a test. I may actually read the book someday. I've seen *2001* about thirty-four times, and got very little new out of this filmguide.)

—Greg Bear

SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK, REVISED by L. Sprague de Camp and Catherine Crook de Camp. Owlswick Press (Box 8243, Philadelphia 19101) 1975. viii, 220 pp. \$8.50

Many years ago when I was a young, punk, high-school student, I discovered a copy of the original edition in my local library. I was so impressed with it that I even bought my own copy (which, alas, has gone the way of all flesh). The advice offered 20 years ago on manuscript preparation has stayed with me and is as unconscious as the 10-75 margins I learned in typing class. The history of science fiction offered in that first edition became the standard by which I judged all others. It was one of the most important books written on science fiction in the early 50's.

And now, 22 years later, after some of us have clamored for a reprinting, the de Camps have seen fit to revise the work and give us a new edition. This is a revision as revisions should be made. Not a mere rewriting here and there, but a pretty (but not perfectly) thorough overhauling. The history of the genre has been cut, and rightly so because there are plenty of good histories out now. The eternal verities (manuscript preparation) are much the same. The discussion of the business end of writing is much expanded. Indeed, the advice on how to run the business of being a writer, distilled from the de Camps' own experiences, is the most important part of the book. One doesn't find sample letters to agents many other places. The advice on contracts—what to take as minimum and what would be nice extras—may be found elsewhere but rarely as well put as the de Camps put it. The great strength of this edition is the business advice.

As well as the fuller history of science fiction (including the sad episode of Shaverism) being excised, there were some other losses I mourn. The great remark attributed to Helen Papashvily about the virtue of being a writer is you get to work sitting down was lost. So was Catherine de Camp's charming little section from the first edition on being married to a science fiction writer (but the sense was incorporated in the new edition). On the whole, the losses were for the better, making for a tighter book and allowing the business advice to be expanded.

In comparing the two editions I did notice one piece of information which could use interpreting. Sprague noted in the 1953 edition that there were an estimated 13,000 to 14,000 writers in 1950 with 150 to 250 who could be classed as the hard core of imaginative writers. In the new edition it is noted that the 1970 census records about 26,300 authors and about 150 to 250 are writers of imaginative fiction. Has science fiction achieved zero population growth?

By now you should all be convinced that this is a book to read, if not necessarily one to own. Being biased, I think it should be owned. Because of the title sales will probably be limited, a shame since the advice offered on plotting and writing and selling is as valid for the beginning writer of mysteries or westerns or straight fiction as it is for the beginning writer of science fiction. At this point in time (to steal a phrase) *Science Fiction Handbook, Revised* is in my opinion the best single book on writing a beginning writer could study. And the experienced pro might profit by a quick peek.

—J. B. Post

THE SODOM AND GOMORRAH BUSINESS by Barry Malzberg. Pocket Books 77789, 1974. 126 pp. 95¢

Two cadets from the "Institute" decide to go A.W.O.L. in a stolen car, with stolen weapons, on a midnight trip to the ruined and out-of-bounds slag heap that is all that is left of New York. They are both homosexual, drug-addicted, and their mission is murder, to see how it feels to kill one of the wretched outcasts who live in the city's ruins. They meet a man, woman and child, kill the man, rape the woman, then kill her and the child. At this point the innocent festivities are interrupted by a band of outlaws whose mission is to break out of the compound and capture the "Institute" for themselves. The outlaws are equally sadistic, so the merriment goes on, without point or reason. There is a basic vulgarity about this work which is apparent on the very first page, in which the murder of John F. Kennedy is lingeringly described in a way that is slightly nauseating. Harlan Ellison, to quote another opinion, says that what Malzberg does makes "what all the rest of us do look like felonies." I think felonies is an apt word.

—Samuel Mines

IMAGINARY WORLDS: THE ART OF FANTASY by Lin Carter. Ballantine 03309, 1973. 278 pp. \$1.25

The author's goal is clearly set forth in the introduction. "The main focus of this book will be a critical, even a technical, analysis of the imaginary-world tradition as embodied in the work of the major fantasy writers of the last three quarters of a century." It would seem that "a critical, even a technical, analysis" presupposes some attempt at objectivity. If this is the case, Carter has definitely failed. What emerges from *Imaginary Worlds* is a frankly partisan, intensely subjective and joyous, celebration of fantasy literature. If one can accept the book on this level, accept Carter's definitions, statements and judgments as the knowledgeable but prejudiced views of a disciple—*Imaginary Worlds* achieves its real value and importance compared to scholarly treatments of the genre. It presents fantasy with the understanding and subjective perspective of the "insider," the practitioner and the devotee.

There is no doubt that the book can be quibbled to shreds. There is much to disagree with in Carter's opinions just as there is much of Carter himself, biographical and otherwise, in the book. But once one accepts the nature of *Imaginary Worlds*, the quibbles evaporate in a fascinating and happy exploration of the author's special province.

He leaves little doubt about his idea of the value of fantasy. "... it is certain that those academicians who neglect fantastic literature to analyze the more 'serious' schools of fiction, such as the novel of realism—those who win their reputations as serious scholars by learned dissertations on the sources of Hemingway or Dos Passos—are passing over a distinguished and venerable province of letters for a comparatively recent, and perhaps transient, innovation." Thus the exploration begins, guided by one of fantasy's most rabid aficionados.

Carter looks at origins: the Sumerian epic *Gilgamesh*, the *Odyssey*, the *Aenid*, the *Shah Namah* and *Beowulf*. He traces the tradition through Beckford, MacDonald and Morris, and from Morris to Dunsany, Eddison, Cabell and Austin Wright. From the pulp magazines he surveys Merritt, Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith and Robert E. Howard who established the sword-and-sorcery sub-genre taken up by C. L. Moore, Kuttner and so many others. He lingers lovingly over Tolkien, C. S. Lewis and Mervyn Peake, and touches on virtually all of the modern fantasy writers from Lloyd Alexander to Roger Zelazny. And, in this broad survey of fantasy, Carter establishes beyond doubt the rich vein of creativity native to the literature.

In the last three chapters the author turns to the problems and techniques of fantasy worldmaking, an engrossing, if superficial look behind the scenes and an abbreviated primer for budding writers.

Imaginary Worlds: The Art of Fantasy will prove a boon for those novice readers who seek to know about fantasy. But they are far from being the book's natural audience. *Imaginary Worlds* is for dedicated fantasy buffs who seek not so much to know, as to glory, along with Carter, in their fabulous heritage.

—B. A. Fredstrom

This shrinking-man tale reprints an (apparently limited) edition of 1953, and offers expected shrinking-man devices. The opening is standard "you won't believe this—but I'll tell you anyway," looking back on the supposed "fantastic adventure." The props are all here: tinfoil shield, sewing needle lance, faithful garden ant as companion and charger, and an *ex machina* last minute return to normalcy. We have a walnut shell hideaway, and furious (i.e., for ants) red/bad vs. black/good battles—all aided by the shrunken hero's terrific ability for insect tongues. It's not a bad book; there is just an unshakeable *déjà vu*, even though *Atta* predates the best of this genre—Matheson's *Incredible Shrinking Man*—by sixteen years. The problem is compounded by deliberately (?) archaic syntax, and by a dense protagonist who takes a great deal of time to realize he's in a pickle—long after you, I, and the ants, have figured it out... and ceased to really care. "A classic of fantastic adventure" (*Chicago Sunday Tribune*) it ain't.

—D. Reid Powell

The basic premise underlying this collection of stories is one which must have intrigued many people. Are we, despite all the griping today, really living in a Golden Age? Are things going to get worse from here on, so that looking back, people will say sadly, "Boy, those seventies were great years!"

Jerry Pournelle is an intriguing guy himself, a member of a think tank called The World Future Society, which also includes prognosticators like Herman Kahn and Glenn Seaborg. So he set out deliberately, to get a group of writers to write stories which might throw some light, looking backward from the year 2020 or so, on the question of whether or not we are now living in a Golden Age and not realizing it because we're having a little trouble getting up the rent money.

His roster of writers is impressive: Poul Anderson, Larry Niven, Harlan Ellison, A. E. Van Vogt, Norman Spinrad and others. And it should have been one smash of a book. I wish I could say it is. But about the best I can say for it is that it is "interesting" and I know that's kind of damning with faint praise. Somehow it doesn't quite come off, with all that talent and all those good intentions. Ben Bova's "Build Me a Mountain" is just a fragment and an old idea that has been kicked around forever—is space exploration really worth while, or should we spend the money rebuilding the cities? Larry Niven's "Cloak of Anarchy" argues that you can have too much freedom, you've got to have some law and order. So who's arguing? Harlan Ellison's "Silent in Gehenna" seems to say that rebels always wind up in a cage—I think that's what it says. Anyway, that's what happens to his rebel. And is there anything startlingly new about that? "The Pugilist" by Poul Anderson—I dunno. What it seems to be saying is that if you take a member of an underground rebel organization and emasculate him, but promise that you'll put it back (by some miracle of surgery not explained) he'll betray his comrades to you because he loves his wife and is so afraid that she won't love him once she realizes his impotence.

And so it goes. "Eat Drink and Be Merry" is a kind of fun piece by Dian Girard about a gal who tries desperately to cheat on her diet, but all the robot food serving gadgets won't let her. Bob Silverberg did one with the same theme about a robot butler a couple of years ago, but Dian's story is nicely done. "Prognosis: Terminal" by David McDaniel I won't even try to explain for the simple reason that I couldn't figure out what he was getting at. And "Future Perfect" by A. E. Van Vogt is about another rebel, only *nobody*, including Jerry Pournelle, knows what he is rebelling against.

Now brace yourself. The simplest, clearest, most easily reading story in the book is "A Thing of Beauty" by Norman Spinrad. This one I could understand—it's about a promoter trying to sell some half-ruined American landmarks to a Japanese collector—landmarks like the Statue of Liberty with its head blown off, or the Yankee Stadium, half wrecked by time and neglect.

Okay. So we have a collection of stories which you can plow through out of curiosity to see what 2020 looks like to all these writers and how it compares with 1974. But don't expect any real answers from the think tank.

—Samuel Mines

THE ANNOTATED WIZARD OF OZ: THE WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ by L. Frank Baum. Pictures by W.W. Denslow, with an introd., notes & bibliog. by Michael Patrick Hearn. Clarkson N. Potter, 1973. 384 p. \$15.00

It is hopefully unnecessary to tell the plot of *Wizard of Oz* to readers of LUNA. This edition has an interesting 69 page introduction by Hearn giving historical background on Baum and the Oz books. The text of the story is heavily side-noted (one column of story, two columns of notes running parallel) with a running commentary explicating the text. Makes for a wide margin on those pages not needing elaboration. There is an 'appendix' on the Denslow illustrations, a detailed bibliography, and a good index. The endpapers have color reproductions of early maps of Oz and environs. An excellent reference book but not really a must purchase for most people.

—J. B. Post

SURVIVAL SHIP by Judith Merril. Kakabeka (220 Yonge St., Suite 709, Toronto, Ontario M4S 2C6) 1973. 229 p. \$1.95

Survival Ship collected twelve Merril stories (and one poem) spanning some twenty-five years. Each is followed by a brief postlude illuminating some background, or segueing into the next tale. The stories are headed as "chapters," leading the reader to infer at least a theme to connect each to its other, or a whole greater than the sum. The latter is a matter for individual judgment; mine is that a whole is almost there. The book opens and closes with stories from a cycle that might have been a novel; this parallelism suggests an enveloping plan, but is vitiated by some of the middle pieces, which are unconvincingly pertinent. In short, there is (necessarily) no organic development. There is certainly a theme, taken from the title story/chapter: survival.

Each tale deals with it in some way, socially or individually, with uneven success. As in any collection, some pieces are better than others; however, one very striking feature of this book is the high quality of the writing. None of the notes indicates that the stories were rewritten (Merril tells us that the poem was) for this publication—if they were first published as they now stand, they must surely have shone as a light in the literary darkness of most pulp sf of the fifties and early sixties.

Likely the stories themselves are familiar to most sf readers. As it is impossible to fairly review each here, I simply list them for the nostalgic to remember, or the curious to seek out: *Survival Ship*, *Wish upon a Star*, *Exile from Space*, *Connection Completed*, *The Shrine of Temptation*, *Peeping Tom*, *The Lady was a Tramp*, *Auction Pit* (poem), *So Proudly We Hail*, *The Deep Down Dragon*, *Whoever You Are*, *Death is the Penalty*, *The Lonely*.

—D. Reid Powell

STAR RIDER by Doris Piserchia. Bantam Q8408, 1974. 219 pp. \$1.25

This one is a bit of a sleeper. Your first reaction, like mine, could be one of disappointment and a question as to how Fred Pohl could have selected this for the Bantam library. Imagine if you will, a stock western situation, with a wild teen-aged girl who has no family, has never had any education or discipline, roaming the plains on a mustang as reckless and irresponsible as she is, sassing everyone in a pseudo-western lingo—it's a stock plot. Then transpose this to space, give her ESP powers and ditto for her nutty mount and endow both of them with the power to skip through space from planet to planet. Got the picture? Then you are left wondering why she still speaks in a pseudo-western dialect and generally acts up like Dirty Sally. But stay with it. There's much more to this book than meets the first glance. That first unfortunate impression gives way to reluctant admiration for the author's real talent. She has a story to tell and once you accept this tomboy and her implausibilities, there is a wealth of imagination—strange events, stranger creatures and a quest for a fabulous golden city which represents lost home to mankind. Along the way, the author dabbles a toe here and there in philosophic waters and without belaboring the point, or preaching, gets in a lick or two or warning about some of mankind's more dubious choices. There is also a lot of action, plenty of plot twists and a refreshing lack of sticky sentimentality.

—Samuel Mines

A CANTICLE FOR P. SCHUYLER MILLER by Sam Moskowitz. Author (1361 Roseville Ave., Newark, N.J.) 11 p. 50¢

It seems almost futile to review this because it is limited (so it says) to 300 copies, a chunk of which are distributed through FAPA with some being sold through dealers. When P(eter) Schuyler Miller (1912-1974) died, Ben Bova asked Sam to write a memorial to be run in *Analog*. Sam wrote the 5,500 words in this mimeographed item which were cut to 2,000 for *Analog* February 1975. Someday this eulogy will probably be published in more durable format but in the meantime this is what we have. Sam discusses Miller's early life, introduction to science fiction, and Miller's stories. While primarily thought of as the best reviewer in science fiction, Miller did write some memorable stories which Sam discusses at length. I am resisting the temptation to go into detail because I won't be able to stop. If you aren't lucky enough to get a copy of this brief look at the writings of a man the rest of us reviewers consider the Master, and you can't borrow it from your nearest BNF, threaten Moskowitz with grievous bodily harm if he doesn't publish the full text in a more accessible format.

—J. B. Post

TO DIE IN ITALBAR by Roger Zelazny. Doubleday, 1973. 183 pp. \$4.95 (paperback: DAW UQ1129, 1974. 95¢)

Heidel von Hymack, the elusive "Mr. H," is both a plague-carrier and an ultimate cure within the galactic civilization of the future: a seeming manifestation of the two-faced goddess of healing and of disease. He describes himself as "a living pool of diseases which I can bring into a sort of balance," and thereby provide an agent to cure the desperately ill. At other times his mere proximity may mean death.

Many seek Mr. H—and for widely different reasons. For Commander Malacar Miles, the last fighting adherent of a lost cause, he can be a terrible and effective weapon. For John Morwin, telepath and telekineticist, he is a frightening new aspect of his friend Malacar's struggle. For Dr. Larmon Pels, a genius pathologist and living dead man, he is the answer to a multitude of riddles. And for Francis Sandow, decide and sometimes god, he is a threat to all of mankind. When the dichotomy within Mr. H. tips irrevocably toward the dark aspect of death, the various individuals seeking him come together in a decisive finale that results in a battle of gods.

To Die in Italbar is a superior science fiction novel from one of the genre's finest craftsmen.

—B. A. Fredstrom

THE BURROWERS BENEATH by Brian Lumley. DAW UQ1096, 1974. 160 pp. 95¢

Brian Lumley's latest addition to the Cthulhu canon is a book for Believers. If you do not regularly haunt the antiquarian booksellers for the evil Abdul Alhazred's *Necronomicon*, or know the location of dead G'hame, read no further. But if "ye dim horrors of Earth" have already captured your soul, *The Burrowers Beneath* is an excellent pastiche of Lovecraft which will keep you up a night or two, and certainly raise ye hair on ye head.

The book incorporates Lumley's 1969 tale "Cement Surroundings" (*Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos*, Arkham House), and chronicles the efforts of intrepid occultist Titus Crow and his scribbling companion, Henri-Laurent de Marigny, to rid England and ultimately the world of the noisome spawn of dreaded Shudde-M'ell, accidentally released from briny incarceration by offshore oil drilling (the evils of Capitalism are unbounded). To précis or attempt to sketch the two men's adventures, or their collaboration with Peaslee of Miskatonic would be to spoil a damn good read. As with most Lovecraftian fantasy, you always know where you are going, but getting there is *all* the fun.

In short, *The Burrowers Beneath* is a brilliantly conceived and executed book, with ingenious plot-twists and plenty of minutiae for ritual buffs. Lumley has dedicated the volume to the memory of August Derleth, "who sanctioned it." Moreover, I am sure Derleth would have enjoyed every eldritch syllable, and have agreed that Lumley is a valid successor to HPL. More's the pity that his fine work will be read by only a minority.

—D. Reid Powell

THE RAID OF 'LE VENGEUR' & OTHER STORIES BY GEORGE GRIFFITH. Ferret Fantasy (distr. by Don Grant) 1974. 144 p. £2.50 paper

Even with a 42 page critical biography of Griffith (1857-1906) by Sam Moskowitz and an 8 page bibliography by George Locke, the book seems a trifle overpriced. Perhaps I am over-reacting to the fact that in spite of being fairly well-made for a paperback, and having several original illustrations, and even having justified right margins, the type-face is so uninspired—it looks like typewriter composition. If Ferret Fantasy is going to publish limited editions (this is announced as only 900 copies) they can make them look better.

As to contents, there is SaM doing his thing and almost overwhelming us with information on Griffith as well as the seven stories. "The Fall of Berlin," "From Pole to Pole," "A Dream of the Golden Age," "The Raid of 'Le Vengeur'," "The Gold Plant," "The True Fate of the 'Flying Dutchman,'" and "The Lost Elixir" are all readable if one considers when they were written and makes a few allowances. The better ones are "Raid" concerning French and British submarines, "Gold Plant" about slavers and a lost race sitting on gold, and "Lost Elixir" relating the death of an immortal. "Pole to Pole" has a hollow Earth, "Fall" is really only a brief anecdote, and "True Fate" relates a tale of retribution in the Sargasso Sea. Griffith's biography by Sam Moskowitz is worth reading as it casts light on Griffith's place in the evolutionary scheme of sf things. Do try to borrow a copy to read that if you aren't one of the lucky (?) 900 people who can buy it.

—J. B. Post

TACTICS OF CONQUEST by Barry Malzberg. Pyramid N3330, 1974. 172 pp. 95¢

The many-tentacled Overlords of the Universe decree that man's fate shall be decided by a chess game between two human opponents, one representing good, the other evil. If good wins, man is saved and the "evildoers," whoever they are, will be eliminated painfully. If evil wins, goodbye mankind. This silly plot is pretentious and overwritten, wanders off endlessly on side-issues and in toto is a complete bore.

—Samuel Mines

EIGHT DIME NOVELS edited by E. F. Bleiler. Dover, 1974. 190 pp. \$3.50 paper. 9" x 12"

Ordinarily, a review should begin with the critic's commitment about the value of his book. But *Eight Dime Novels* is such a good investment for the collector, it's more suitable to start with some checklisting:

"The Bradys and the Girl Smuggler" *Secret Service* 7/27/1900

"Frank James on the Trail" *Morrison's Sensational Series* 7/1/1882

"Scylla the Sea Robber" (a Nick Carter) *New Nick Carter Weekly* 11/25/1905

"Deadwood Dick, the Prince of the Road" *Beadle's Half Dime Library* I,1 (1877)

"Adventures of Buffalo Bill from Boyhood to Manhood" *Beadle's Boy's Library* 12/14/1881

"The Huge Hunter" *Beadle's Half Dime Library* (again) 10/3/1882

"Frank Merriwell's Nobility" *Tip Top Weekly* 4/22/1899

"Adrift in New York" *Brave & Bold* 10/31/1900. This last novelette is an abridgement of an 1889 original by —? Answer below.

Bleiler's preface gives a gracious, no doubt accurate acknowledgement of his debts for information to several publisher's histories and bibliographies, and to the trade magazine, *Dime Novel Roundup*. But his preface remains for the general reader an efficient career wrap-up of most of the anthologized authors, and of the dime novel's 1860-1910 heyday. Pulp killed the dime novel, as Mr. Bleiler says. He also remarks on the siege war conducted against the dime novels as later against the comic book. One body blow for the dime novels was loss of the second-class mailing rate due to this general adult pressure.

These eight texts and the accompanying eight original-cover reprints establish what the collector already has learned: that American popular fiction accumulated all its main archetypes before 1900: the western (which permeates the other genres in slight disguise); crime thrillers, West and East; the detective story, branching off from the Western and the need to make criminal gunmen "respectable" law-enforcers; the making-it story of business success; and (1882) science fiction.

The only gap is sports. The Frank Merriwell text comes from the off-campus travel and adventure section of Merry's career. It is the publisher's bad luck that the older of the two reviewers of this book, has a more natural interest in the sports series—dimes, pulps or hardbound—than in the species actually illustrated by *Eight Dime Novels*. It is well known for instance that Merriwell was chiefly—900/1,000, thinks Bleiler—written by Gilbert Patten under a house name, Burt L. Standish. There are some points of interest about this I've never tracked down. After 1910, "Standish" began a 14 volume hardbound baseball series on Lefty Locke. These were carefully plotted, assumed an adult style, and were more sophisticated than any Merriwell I've ever seen. Lefty is surprisingly sophisticated, for instance, about politics; his attitudes about player's strikes and "outlaw" leagues contrast absolutely with those of his contemporary boy's-hero fink, Baseball Joe Matson. Now Patten's own late WW-II novel about the older Merriwell is a kind of New Deal tract. In the LL books, assuming (by this thematic evidence) that Patten wrote them, is he representative of other dime-novel specialists who later raised their writing standards to reach tougher markets? The later model would be the comic strip artists (Bester) and pulp experts (Gruber) who went off after this exhausting apprenticeship to do movies, TV, hardbounds and sf originals.

... When *Eight Dime Novels* appeared as part of a review package, it was squirreled away by the man of the household closest in age to the intended original reader. His comments follow:

"Old and Young King Brady are my favorite. Why? Because the detectives are stupider than the criminals. There are these smugglers with \$25,000 in diamonds. You know what the detective did? After the Bradys had done all the work, he wanted to get all the joy of capturing the smugglers. He pretended Old King Brady—*holding* one of the smugglers—was one of them so he could arrest him, too. Old King Brady punches him in the face. This detective was the worst inspector of them all. The rest were sort of nice and surprised. O yes, there was one girl smuggler: not as fat as she looked, because she wore rolls around her body. Would the story work today? If the clothes were more up to date and if they used automatics instead of 6-shooters . . . I read it about 25 times.

"It talks about Frank James being the worst villain of them all. Wasn't his brother the real robber? Every time Frank catches somebody, he kills them and calls it revenge for Jesse. No, they're not shooting at each other in the illustration. All that shooting is going *into* them. You know why Frank James is getting them? Because they tried to make him turn traitor on Jesse James.

"I read a little of Deadwood Dick. I didn't like it very much." (The Dover text photocopies the original tiny print of the Dick story.)

Thank you, Bruce. "Adrift in N.Y." is of course by Horatio Alger, Jr.

—Mark and Bruce Purcell

A MIDSUMMER TEMPEST by Poul Anderson. Doubleday, 1974. 207 pp. \$5.95 (paperback: Ballantine 24404, 1975. \$1.50)

The title of this book is an intentional pun, the story a delightful literary exercise in "what-if"-ness. Basically, the novel recounts the adventures of Rupert, Prince of the Rhine, and his lady love, Jennifer Alayne, niece of a Puritan; however, Anderson has created a world in which Shakespeare was an historian and the Industrial Revolution a bit premature, so Puck and Oberon and Titania, Ariel and Caliban, as well as railroads and factories, have parts to play in the defeat (yes, *defeat*) of Oliver Cromwell.

Poul Anderson knows his Shakespeare, down to the rhyme and rhythm of the dialogue, and his English history. The reader with a similar educational background will be delighted with this tale and recognize familiar friends from Yorkshire to Tunis, from Prospero's isle to Glastonbury Tor. Other folk might enjoy the adventure, but they will be confused as to who is who, whence he came, and why he is significant. This is definitely a light novel for the reader with a relatively good education in British history and literature. As such, it is well written, with beautifully human characters, and quite un-put-downable adventure.

—Charlotte Moslander

BILBO'S LAST SONG (at the Grey Havens) by J. R. R. Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin, 1974. Broadside 23" x 15½" (or so the publisher says; I measured 23½" x 16") \$2.50

This 24 line poem is Bilbo's farewell to Middle Earth. It's a nice effort. Let me quote the final four lines to give the flavor: "Ship, my ship! I seek the West,/ and fields and mountains ever blest./ Farewell to Middle-earth at last,/ I see the Star above your mast!" The poem itself is embellished by being on a photograph of a misty and rugged coast line. A bit expensive even for a Tolkien artifact (yes, the maps also cost about the same but maps are special) but not bad for a wall.

In the lower left hand corner is the notice that the copyright on the text is held by M. Joy Hill and the copyright on the photograph is held by Robert Strindberg. The flyer which accompanied the review copy of the broadside notes that the photograph is by Roger Hill. I'll let the more serious researchers sort that out.

And speaking of the flyer . . . If pornography is legal but blatant advertising isn't, perhaps the same standards should be applied to all advertising. Oh, the paper and layout were tasteful enough, even though it looks like another attempt to squeeze one last dollar from the public before a fad dies. My objection is to a strangely worded part of the notice, here quoted verbatim, which doesn't make much sense. "Available to: * Tolkien Society Memberships * Readers of Fanzines * Lunacon, Nycon, Westercon, Windycon, and other Sci-Fi conference-goers * All fans of science fiction and fantasy books, magazines, movies, and radio and TV programs." If it had said "of special interest to" I wouldn't be annoyed, but the wording seems to imply a limited and exclusive distribution when anyone with two and a half bucks (plus tax) can get one. But don't let my dislike of the advertising prevent you from at least looking at the broadside.

—J. B. Post

GWEN, IN GREEN by Hugh Zachary. Fawcett M2982, 1974. 191 pp. 95¢

This has much the same premise of Robert Marasco's *Burnt Offerings* and Charles Runyon's *Soulmate*, a person or place possessing someone whom it ultimately destroys. While Zachary's delineation of character is perhaps more interesting than Runyon's, the latter's plot moves faster. I give this one a 6½ out of a possible 10.

—Michael L. McQuown

WIFE STYLES & LIFE STYLES: SCIENCE FICTION SOCIOLOGY & INSTANT V.D. by Frank W. Darrow. Author (Box 305, Trona, Calif. 93562) 1974. 34 p. \$2.48 paper

The alleged purpose of this book is to present to high school students a view of alternate life styles. Admirable intention but terrible execution. The narrative style rarely reaches the literary heights of Hugo Gernsback. It is a barely readable account of several imaginary lands describing the marital systems of each. But, dammit, the old guy means well. It is to his credit that a man of 73 or so can even envision alternate life styles let alone try to be sympathetic toward them all. Darrow also tries, usually unsuccessfully, to be funny in a few places but even his failed humor indicates something about the man. This work fails as fiction, fails as polemic, fails in all ways. Don't bother with it but if you're ever in Trona, buy the old coot a beer.

—J. B. Post

PHILIP K. DICK & THE UMBRELLA OF LIGHT by Angus Taylor. T-K Graphics (Box 1951, Baltimore, Md. 21203) 1975. (Sf author studies 1) Unpaged. \$2.25 paper

Having obtained the services of a good typesetter and a fair artist, T-K limits the sales of this (and other similar items) by bad package design. Next time have a title page and number the pages, will you Ted? A lot more libraries might buy your stuff. And libraries should buy a study of Philip K. Dick. Alright, so the study is a bit pedestrian and Taylor drops lots of names and there is an uneasy quality—neither totally scholarly nor totally fannish—about it, this is still worth reading. Taylor attempts an overview of Dick's stories, drawing a world view from the stories, other commentators, and Dick's own comments. For personal reasons (and this is my problem) I couldn't really appreciate this study, but I can objectively say it should be read by anyone who enjoys Philip K. Dick.

—J. B. Post

THE RAY BRADBURY COMPANION by William F. Nolan. Gale Research, 1975. 339 p. \$28.50 (slipcased)

I've always been puzzled by that contingent of science fiction readers critical of Bradbury and his writings. Some object to his lack of concentration in areas of technology (yet he is not ignorant—I once heard him give a precise and cogent answer to a question about holography). Others seem to think that, outside of a few collections of short stories and perhaps one novel, he doesn't really merit the aegis of science fiction (and he'll admit that). But on the whole, criticism of Bradbury within the field belabors those very things which are his strengths—his originality, his language, and his ability to speak to large masses of young people. Few writers who grew out of fandom have had the influence of Bradbury; none have equalled his achievement in creating a distinctive and polished prose style; and it's possible that no one has been more important to the acceptance of science fiction as literature.

William F. Nolan has brought all his work as Bradbury's chronicler and bibliographer to an exquisite peak. There are few sources he hasn't brought to ground; none that I could find. He's brought together a complete list of all of Bradbury's publications and variant editions, concentrating on first printings in English, and added to it lists of interviews, publications about Bradbury, and miscellaneous magazine stories, critical mentions, and so on. He's also included fascinating pictures of Bradbury growing up, of his relatives and friends, and reproductions from his books. He compares rough drafts with finished products, and lets us take a peek at unpublished Bradbury memorabilia. The picture he presents is thorough and entertaining—and the impression he gives of Bradbury is laudatory without adulation.

Nolan's book will be invaluable to Bradbury readers and collectors, and to people interested in the history of fantastic literature. It's worth the price, handsomely bound and boxed. And it reinforces my opinion that Bradbury deserves a place very near Poe and Melville, and certainly right with Hawthorne, as a primary creator in American letters.

—Greg Bear

ALSO RECEIVED:

Adding a Dimension, by Isaac Asimov. Discus 22673, March. \$1.25 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1964)

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen, by R.E. Raspe and others. Illus. by Ronald Searle. Meridian M330. \$3.95paper. (hardcover: Pantheon, 1969)

The Annotated Alice; Alice's Adventures in Wonderland & Through the Looking Glass, by Lewis Carroll. Meridian F306. \$3.95paper (orig. 1963, 12 ptg)

The Annotated Ancient Mariner, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Meridian M240, Nov. 1974. \$3.95paper (orig. 1965)

Aton, by Irving A. Greenfield. Avon 24844, July. \$1.75

The Baroness 5: Operation Doomsday, by Paul Kenyon. Pocket 77762, Aug. 1974. 95¢

The Bermuda Triangle, by Adi-Kent Thomas Jeffrey. Warner 59-961, June. \$1.75 (orig. 1973)

The Body Snatchers, by Daniel Cohen. Lippincott, April. \$5.95, \$2.25paper. The Weird and horrible library (juv)

Cap Kennedy 14: The Ghosts of Epidoris, by Gregory Kern. DAW UQ1159, Feb. 95¢

Cap Kennedy 15: Mimics of Deephene, by Gregory Kern. DAW UY1168, April. \$1.25

Cape House, by L.P. Shepherd. Dell 0671, 1974. 95¢

Celtic Myth and Legend, by Charles Squire. Newcastle, March. \$4.95paper (orig. 1905)

Colony: Earth, by Richard E. Mooney. Fawcett Crest Q2436, May. \$1.50 (hardcover: Stein and Day, 1974. \$7.95)

The Coming War and Peace, by Bruce Ives. Exposition Press, April. \$4.50

The Crystal Ball, by Dorothy Spicer. Beagle 26696, March. 95¢

Dark Star, by Alan Dean Foster. Ballantine 24267, 1974. \$1.25

Dark Talisman, by Anne-Marie Bretonne. Popular Library 00240. \$1.25

Decision at Doona, by Anne McCaffrey. Ballantine 24416, April. \$1.50 (2d ptg, orig. 1969, 30

reviewed LUNA Monthly 9)

The Devil and Mrs. Devine, by Josephine Leslie. Pocket 78382, 1974. \$1.25

The Devil's Own, by Peter Robson. Ace 14301. 95¢ (orig. 1969, nf)

The Enchanted, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Avon 24257, May. 95¢ (hardcover: Pantheon, 1951)

The Enigma of the Unknown, by John Macklin. Ace 20719. 95¢ (orig. 1967)

Escape to Witch Mountain, by Alexander Key. Archway 29710, Jan. 95¢ (2 ptg, hardcover: Westminster, 1968)

Exorcism; a Manual for Casting Out Evil Spirits, by Frank J. MacHovec. Peter Pauper, 1973. \$1.95hardcover

Eye in the Sky, by Philip K. Dick. Ace 22386. \$1.25 (c1957)

Eye of the Monster, by Andre Norton. Ace 22375. \$1.25 (c1962)

Farmer in the Sky, by Robert A. Heinlein. Ballantine 24375, April. \$1.50 (c1950)

Ghost Song, by Dorothy Daniels. Pocket 77777, Nov. 1974. 95¢

The Giant Under the Snow, by John Gordon. Harper Trophy J64. \$1.50 (hardcover: Harper, 1970. \$3.95. reviewed LUNA Monthly 33)

The Great Explosion, by Eric Frank Russell. Equinox 23820. \$1.95 (c1962)

Haunted Stories, ed. by A.L. Furman. Lantern 75841. 75¢ (rev. ed. orig: Teen-age Haunted Stories. 1965)

Have Space Suit—Will Travel, by Robert A. Heinlein. Ace 31801, June. \$1.25 (orig. 1958)

How to Test and Develop your ESP, by Paul Huson. Stein & Day, May. \$8.95

An Index of Possibilities: Energy and Power. Pantheon. \$5.95paper (repr Brit, c1974)

Inside Outside, by Philip Jose Farmer. Equinox 22830. \$1.95 (c1964)

The Intruders, by Pat Montandon. Coward McCann. \$8.95

The Judas Gospel, by Peter Van Greenaway. Dell 4301, 1973. \$1.50 (hardcover: Atheneum, 1972)

The Jupiter Effect, by John R. Gribbin & Stephen H. Plagemann. Vintage V574, May. \$1.95 (hardcover: Walker, 1974)

The Land That Time Forgot, by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ace 47023. \$1.25 (c1918)

The Lucifer Cult, by Lynn Benedict. Pocket 77785, Dec. 95¢

Maurice Sendak: Fantasy Sketches. Philip H. & A.S.W. Rosenbach Foundation, Philadelphia. 1970. \$2.00paper

The Maze Maker, by Michael Ayrton. Bard 23648, March. \$1.65 (hardcover: Holt, 1967)

The Media Reader, ed. by Joan Valdes and Jeanne Crow. Pflaum. \$11.95, \$7.95paper

Mission of Gravity, by Hal Clement. Pyramid N3479, Oct. 1974. 95¢ (3 ptg)

Moon of the Wolf, by Leslie H. Whitten. Avon 22715, March. \$1.50 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1967)

Mountain of Fear, by Rona Randall. Ace 54326. 95¢ (c1971)

My Lady Evil, by Parley J. Cooper. Pocket 68013, July. \$1.25 (hardcover: Simon & Schuster, 1974. \$6.95)

Mysteries of Time & Space, by Brad Steiger. Prentice-Hall, 1974. \$7.95

Nova, by Samuel R. Delany. Bantam T2243, June. \$1.50 (2 ptg, hardcover: Doubleday, 1968)

Of Time, and Space, and Other Things, by Isaac Asimov. Avon Discus 24166, May. \$1.50 (c1965)

Omnivore, by Piers Anthony. Equinox 24026. \$1.95 (orig: Ballantine, 1968)

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Other Worlds, Other Universes, ed. by Brad Steiger & John White. Doubleday, June. \$7.95

O'Toole's Obedient Orb and Other Fanciful Tales, by Gaylord B. Castor. Exposition Press, May. \$5.50

The Past Through Tomorrow, by Robert A. Heinlein. Berkley Medallion T2738, Jan. \$1.95 (hardcover: Putnam, 1967)

Perry Rhodan 65: Renegades of the Future, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 66048, March. \$1.25

Perry Rhodan 66: The Horror, by William Voltz. Ace 66049. \$1.25

Perry Rhodan 67: *Crimson Universe*, by K.H. Scheer. Ace 66051. \$1.25
Perry Rhodan 68: *Under the Stars of Druufon*, by Clark Darlton. Ace 66052, April. \$1.25
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Perry Rhodan 70: *Thora's Sacrifice*, by Kurt Brand. Ace 66054, April. \$1.25
Perry Rhodan 71: *The Atom Hell of Grautier*, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 66055, May. \$1.25
Perry Rhodan 72: *Caves of the Druufs*, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 66056, June. \$1.25
Perry Rhodan 73: *Spaceship of Ancestors*, by Clark Darlton. Ace 66057, June. \$1.25
Perturbing Spirit, by Janet Caird. Ace 65965. 95¢ (c1966)
A Pound of Silver, by Northwind. Exposition, May. \$5.50
Psi: The Other World Catalog, by June and Nicholas Regush. Putnam. \$5.00paper
Ragland, by John Van Orsdell. Pocket 78411, Feb. \$1.25 (hardcover: World, 1972)
Reach Out for a Star and Grab the Devil: Two Tales of the World Beyond, by Fred J. Edwards, Jr. Exposition Press, May. \$4.00
Red Planet, by Robert A. Heinlein. Ace 71141. \$1.25 (c1949)
Requiem, v.1 no.3, Ed. by Norbert Spehner (455 Saint-Jean, Longueil P.Q. J4H 2Z3) (in French) 75¢ ea, 6/\$4
Rocket Ship Galileo, by Robert A. Heinlein. Ace 73331. \$1.25 (c1947)
Rocket to the Morgue, by Anthony Boucher. Pyramid N3567, Jan. 95¢ (2 ptg, hardcover: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1942)
The Rolling Stones, by Robert A. Heinlein. Ace 73441. \$1.25 (c1952)
Satan's Spring, by Sarah Nichols. Popular 00225, 1974. \$1.25
Science Fiction: What It's All About, by Sam J. Lundwall. Ace 75441, Aug. \$1.50 (orig. 1971, reviewed LUNA Monthly 41/42)
The Shadow 1: The Living Shadow, by Maxwell Grant. Pyramid N3597, Oct. 1974. 95¢
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The Shadow 3: The Mobsmen on the Spot, by Maxwell Grant. Pyramid N3554, Dec. 95¢
The Shadow 4: Hands in the Dark, by Maxwell Grant. Pyramid N3557, Jan. 95¢
Some Other Place, The Right Place, by Donald Harington. Pyramid M3309, 1974. \$1.75 (hardcover: Little Brown, 1972. \$8.95)
The Space Merchants, by Frederik Pohl & C.M. Kornbluth. Ballantine 24290, Dec. \$1.50 (8 ptg, orig. 1953)
Star Trek Log Three, by Alan Dean Foster. Ballantine 24260, Jan. \$1.25
Star Trek Log Four, by Alan Dean Foster. Ballantine 24435, March. \$1.25
The Strange and Uncanny, by John Macklin. Ace 78821. 95¢ (orig. 1967)
Thirty-Four East, by Alfred Coppel. Popular 08357. \$1.95 (hardcover: Harcourt, 1974)
Three Worlds to Conquer, by Poul Anderson. Pyramid N3541, Dec. 95¢ (3 ptg, orig. 1964)
Time and Again, by Clifford D. Simak. Ace 81001, June. \$1.25 (orig. 1951)
Trial and Terror, ed. by Joan Kahn. Houghton, 1973. \$8.95
We Can Build You, by Philip K. Dick. DAW UY1164. \$1.25 (4 ptg, orig. 1972)
Who? by Algis Budrys. Ballantine 24569, Aug. \$1.50 (c1958)
William the Dragon, by Polly Donnison. Coward McCann, 1973. \$4.64 (juv)
The Winds of Time, by Chad Oliver. Equinox 23887. \$1.95 (c1957)
Witches, by Nancy Garden. Lippincott, Sept. \$2.25 (Weird and horrible library, juv nf)
The Witching Hour, by Rona Randall. Ace 89901. 95¢ (c1970)
A Wreath for Jenny's Grave, by Charlotte Hunt. Ace 91960, April. 95¢

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